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A WINTER'S WAIL

By JOYCE BOWDEN

I WONDER if there's any woman the world over who, when she looks out her last season's wardrobe, doesn't wonder just how she could have worn that THING last year!

Of course, if you're rated as one of the ten best-dressed women of the year, or have a millionaire for a husband, you may miss out on this experience.

But for most of us the experience comes twice yearly.

As the familiar clothes are brought forth from the back of the wardrobe or out of a trunk, a feeling of pleasant anticipation is quickly aroused in the feminine heart. It is also quickly extinguished as the articles of attire are examined more thoroughly or tried on.

It's surprising what a difference those few extra pounds which have crept up on you all unaware during your annual leave can make to the skirt of the tweed suit which you had planned as a "basic" for your wardrobe this season.

Added curves are alarming, too, in the sheer wool frock in which you thought you cut such a dashing figure last season.

A roll above the girdle



HATS under the bed. A novel solution to the storage problem.

quickly brings you down to earth.

If you're a hardy soul you immediately set to on rigorous diet and exercise — but how many of us take the line of least resistance and let out a seam?

I believe the opposite ex-

perience is alarming, too, although such a thing has never happened to me.

A friend who was fortunate enough to lose three stone during the summer finds that her frocks hang on her so loosely that they're almost ankle length.

She now goes about looking quite smart from the front, but, like the good soldier, she never looks behind, for she has developed a bustle from material bunched together and pinned with large safety-pins.

Servicemen have their special angle on the problem. Many of them are shocked when, on leave, they get out their civvies.

I asked one Service lass how her clothing had stood up under the strain of war.

"It hasn't," she said. "I've put on two stone since I joined up, and you ought to see me when I try to struggle into some snappy little pre-war number."

Without wishing to appear boastful, I must mention that my suburb breeds, I am sure, a race of silverfish and moths superior to any in the Commonwealth.

The spot where the strawberry jam was spilt at a fireside supper last winter has been neatly eaten out by moths.

Silverfish, however, are such industrious, hardy little creatures, that they don't need the allure of condiments to make a dainty meal from your treasured ensembles.

Last year I pulled from a special "mothproof" bag my treasured silver-fox fur.

"Willie," as I had christened him many years before, had admittedly seen his best days. But I held him in great regard, for I had saved for, literally, years to realise my school-girl dream of myself swathed in black velvet and silver fox, with a bunch of violets.

It was with tears in my eyes that I sat with "Willie's" head only in my hand. A hearty shake had sent the rest of him flying all over the room.

But perhaps the greatest ordeal is discarding old and familiar favorites. It takes considerable strength of mind. Each season I make a pile of old clothing which I vow I must never, never wear again.

At first I gaily discard things with as much abandon as if the millionaire husband was standing beside me with his untouched coupon-book in one hand and a cheque-book in the other.

But at the end of the week I have rattled through the bundle intended for some worthy jumble sale, and have retrieved stily a number of articles.

The rot sets in when I read in a fashion magazine how that shabby little black dress can be transformed from its dreary, funereal self into something which the Rue de la Paix would envy.

Perhaps there are some whose little black dresses respond to this treatment—but not mine.

It still looks like the little, shabby black dress, four years old, much cleaned, with a shiny seal.

No new collar, multi-colored frills, or gay flowers make it look anything but a sordid makeshift.

This fact hits me when, arrayed in the clothing I convince myself will do "just one more turn," I catch a glimpse of myself in a long, revealing street mirror.

Galvanised into action, I rush home, and for the remainder of the week amaze even the office boys as I come sweeping in in my Sunday best at 9 a.m.

But such horrors pale into insignificance beside those of hats.

A question I would defy the Brains Trust to answer is: "What happens to hats between the time they are gently packed away at the end of a season, and are unpacked at the beginning of the next?"

A methodical lass I know has evolved her own curious system for hat storage.

When I asked how she kept her hats from looking bedraggled, she told me she keeps them beneath her three-quarter bed.

"Each day I brush them when I sweep the floor, and they always look fresh and new—so different from when I used to keep them on the crowded wardrobe shelf," she told me.

I see the possibilities of this, but

feel that in my absent-minded moments I might easily run the vacuum-cleaner under the bed, wrecking the system, and, naturally, the hats.

However, let us return to the immediate problems. Now that the winter clothes are out it's time to the summer collection to go into hibernation.

No, I won't give away that fine print dress. Why, if I take off the fresh white pique collar and some cute buttons it'll look as good as new when I take it out next November... well, that's what I think this May!

"WHAT a difference just a few extra pounds make... in the sheer wool frock in which you cut such a dash last season."

Elasto

REGISTERED TABLETS

FOR BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES, ETC.



What is ELASTO? ... What can it do for me?

Here are the Answers!

If you suffer from constant unnatural weariness; if you are the victim of chronic pain resulting from poor blood circulation or a devitalised blood condition; if you have varicose veins, piles, rheumatism, skin complaints or similar troubles—Elasto, the wonderful new Biomedical treatment, can bring you speedy relief. "How can that be?" you might well say, when so many things have failed.

Here is how ELASTO works

It has long been realised that these conditions are frequently the fault of the blood condition or circulation, and the amazing success of Elasto is due to the fact that it goes right to work at this source — it revitalises the blood. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables nature to assist elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries,

etc., and so re-establish normal, healthy circulation without which there can be no true healing. Nine times out of ten the real trouble is bad circulation.

What users of ELASTO say:

The fact is that no ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of Elasto. Here is what a few of many grateful users have said:

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."

"Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."

"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

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Don't be a "Nero"! Check your cough or cold right away with a few doses of Y-COUGH. Y-COUGH is made to a time-proven formula. It is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Y-COUGH loosens up congestion, soothes away inflammation and banishes coughs and colds in the shortest possible time. 1/9 a bottle from chemists and stores.

Y-COUGH

COMPASSIONATE NEUTRAL

By . . .

**MARGOT
NEVILLE**

BILL MAITLAND—prisoner of war in Ireland—hesitated an instant and threw a hasty glance round. Behind him just out of sight round the bend, the footsteps were drawing nearer. He chose the glen.

Stepping off the road, and with barely the rustle of a leaf or the fall of a pebble, he descended the bank of the stream and crouched at the bottom behind a tangle of gorse bushes.

In a minute the steps came level. Squinting upward between the fronds of fern he could see Captain Derek Lacey passing along the road, head and shoulders outlined against the sky. Bill sank closer into his green hideout.

At last the footsteps died away, and the prehistoric silence of the glen ebbed back. No sound at all, not even a bird singing.

Bill rolled over and looked round him. It wouldn't be hard to imagine things watching you here, things the folk of Eire believed in—leprechauns, a fairy people—peering at you over boulders and round tree stumps. Well, they were welcome to, so long as they weren't accompanied by Captain Derek Lacey, guard officer at the internment camp, now five miles to the west.

Suddenly he became aware of a movement in the glen—a twig snapped underfoot and set a pebble rolling.

He sat up and looked over his shoulder.

On the other side of the stream a girl was standing quietly, as though she had been observing him for quite a while. She was bare-headed, and carried a basket of moss and a trowel. A black cocker spaniel sat at her side watching the stranger, too, with suspicion.

She said in a moment, with a shade of dryness, "You're unlucky, aren't you?"

Bill scrambled to his feet and brushed himself down. His eyes met the girl's across the stream.

"Unlucky?"

"My coming through here to-day for a handful of moss. You should have been able to hide down here till dark."

"What do you mean?" he said. "I came down here looking for leprechauns. It seemed a likely place for them, I thought, and—"

She shook her head. "I was here when you came scrambling down that bank and hid in the gorse from my cousin Derek."

He took two steps nearer the stream. The cocker growled warningly.

"Your cousin?" Bill said sharply. "Your cousin?"

"Yes, Captain Lacey's my cousin. Bad luck, isn't it? Right into the enemy's hands!" Her cool gaze went over him—his tall figure in the dusty, crumpled uniform, his untidy hair and defensive stare.

She said: "You're an Australian trying to escape from the internment camp?"

He gave a short laugh. "And you're a loyal daughter of Eire, constrained by your neutrality not to let me!" His tone was challenging.

"What were you doing in Ireland? How did you come to be taken prisoner?"

"Crash-landed in a fog."

"When?"

"Ten days ago."

"Well, indeed! . . . Your bad luck seems to be chronic, doesn't it?"

He grinned. "I'm not done yet, sister."

Her eyes flashed a moment's fire. "You mean you think I won't give you up?"

"Why no, I guess you'd do just what your conscience dictates."

"I certainly shall." She came forward and stepped across the stream on the flat stones, the spaniel following disapprovingly at her heels.

He said, when she stood beside him: "Is your name Lacey, too?"

"It is."

"And the rest will be Molly or Nora or Cathleen?"

"Wrong—it's Sheila."

"And bettter again, and bettter again!"

She said scornfully: "Don't try to talk Irish. What's your name?"

"Maitland—Bill Maitland."

At closer view her beauty shone like a star in the misty glen. That was the way Bill found himself thinking about her, echoes of Irish poets stirring in him.

"There's one thing," he said grimly. "Prisoners are outside all the rules."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, if a chap's wanted for arson they don't charge him with stealing the matches, too; so it can't matter if I tell you how beautiful you are."

She drew back, the color rushing up into her face. "I—I'm not interested in that." Clicking her fingers to the dog, she said: "Come along, boy," and turned away toward the bank.

Bill sat down on the springy fern and watched her go. Remoteness was in every line of her.

He began to whistle softly, as though she had already gone, and he were alone.

Instantly she stopped and came back.

"Hush," she said. "Don't be whistling like that."

"Why not?"

"Sounds carry in this air. You'd hear that away up on the road."

"Well, what's it matter? What do I care if you could? I'm desperate, Sheila, if you go off and leave me like that."

She stood looking down at him, hesitating, running her hand over the velvety moss in the basket. Her face was still gravely unsmiling, but there was no hardness in her eyes.

"I—I didn't tell you you could call me Sheila."

"I see," he said. "Maybe I should've waited till after the next Hunt Ball?"

"Silly!" she said, and sank on to the bracken beside him, the spaniel at her feet.

"That's better, now we can get acquainted. Introduce me, won't you, to your chaperon?"

She laughed. "My chaperon? Oh, certainly. Guelph—the best-bred cocker in the country, and well aware of it!"

He leant over and stroked a drooping silky ear.

"You see, he's quite friendly now," she said.

For a moment Bill had made her forget the situation, and he started to tell her about his own dog, and of his home.

And Sheila, still drawn away from the pressing moment, was led on to tell him of her own life—the sheltered, conventional life that the country spared from war could still enjoy.

Suddenly she said: "Why do you want to escape? Don't they treat you well at the camp? Aren't you better treated—better fed—than half the people of Europe?—let alone prisoners!"

"They treat us very well. But there's such a thing as liking your freedom better than a dish of butter!"

She flushed again. "I'm sorry. I only meant, why can't you be satisfied then? Oh, dear, why are men never happy unless they're fighting?" She looked up to where the tall larches tipped the sky. "It seems quite mad to me. Why should

anyone want to leave Ireland? There can't be anything as beautiful as Ireland anywhere."

"How do you know?"

"Why, of course I know. Everyone says so."

He laughed. "Everyone in Ireland, eh?"

"No, but wait till you see Lake Killarney with the sun just getting up on a summer morning. Or Connemara with all the fuchsias out on the grey stone walls; and Killiney Bay; and the woods of Limerick in October."

"Sounds fine. But wait till you see a black river reflecting miles of wattle in bloom, or a gully of giant treeferns . . . the distances . . . the silence of the bush . . . Wait till I show you—just wait!"

She half rose, but he caught her hand and held her fast. "Now don't get scared. I'm not planning to kidnap you there right away. How old are you, Sheila?"

"Why, what's that got to do with it? I'm

twenty-one. How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"Goodness, you seem much older than that."

"And how! Flying in wartime just eats up the years. Sheila, have you ever been in love?" She tried to draw away her hand, but he held it in both of his. "Answer me—have you ever been in love?"

She said slowly, thoughtfully, considering this: "No—I don't think I have—not really . . ."

"No, I haven't, either—not this way . . . until this very day . . . until I looked up and saw you standing there on the other side of the stream. Something happened to me then that's never happened before, that I never expected. I'd just been thinking—the moment before I saw you—maybe this queer, silent place is filled with fairies. There's a book on Irish folklore in the camp library. And then I looked across, and there you were. I—I sort of felt the sight of you right deep down inside me."

She wasn't trying now to pull her hand back. She was sitting very still, looking at him.

She said, almost in a whisper: "Oh, you must be mad, you must be mad!"

"Of course I'm mad—crazy—that's what I'm telling you."

"People don't fall in love like that, all in a minute."

"Yes, they do. I think perhaps

all real love starts that way. I can't believe you're not going to feel it, too, Sheila."

His eyes searched her face anxiously.

She pulled her hand away at last. "No, I do not think so! And I'm not sitting here to talk about love. With you escaping and the country—including my own cousin!—out after you. And me breaking the laws of neutrality every minute by not going up there and saying: 'The man you're looking for is just down there below hiding among the gorse.'"

He dropped back on the fern and closed his eyes. "O.K., go along. Tell them where I am. Send them down to pick me up."

"I didn't say I was going to."

"No, but you want to. All right, go, go."

A silence hung between them for a moment; not an enchanted silence any more but one jangling with their discord.



"You're unlucky, aren't you?" the girl said rather dryly.

She leant over and touched his sleeve. Her beauty, when he opened his eyes and looked up at her, shot him all through again with delight.

"Why don't you go back to the camp? It's the only sensible thing to do," she said. "You won't get any distance. You haven't a hope. They're awfully strict these days. Two men tried a while ago and they caught them. Go back, please go back."

"Listen," he said, "if there isn't a person in the length and breadth of Ireland who wants the Allies to win—"

"Oh, how can you say that!" She sprang to her feet and stood looking down at him reproachfully. "Nobody ever understands how we feel about all that."

"Let's not talk about it." He got up, too. "Where are you going? You're not going yet?"

She smoothed back her hair and answered without looking at him: "Wait for me here. I'll be back. You won't go away till I come?"

"Am I likely to! But promise you're not just walking out on me!"

"I promise."

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Compassionate Neutral

Continued
from page 3

WITH Guelph bounding ahead she ran quickly up the bank.

Bill sat down again, took out a cigarette, and glanced at his watch. Four o'clock. In imagination he was going with her, all the way, up the steep hillside and along the road where he had sidestepped her cousin, through the park gates and down the avenue to the low white rambling house she had told him about.

He inhaled the smoke luxuriously and lay back on the springy fern.

The sky above was silver-grey, tender and soft, and the afternoon hung breathless, a day that didn't want to move on. And though he was waiting for her he didn't want it to move on.

He was recalling every smallest word and look that had passed between them. Just to lie here and go over it all, to know that she was coming back—that was good enough. In this stillness he would hear her coming quite a long way off, and Guelph rustling through the bushes.

But he didn't hear her, because long before she came he had dropped asleep.

Toward dusk that evening a fine rain filled the air. Bill woke to find Sheila bending over him, touching his arm, calling him: "Bill—wake up."

He sat up in surprise. "Sheila?"

Her face, close to his in the dusk, was pale. Over her head was thrown a shawl, her skirt was torn, and her shoes sodden with mud and water.

Scrambling to his feet, he exclaimed: "Sheila, where in the world have you been?"

She faced him with triumph in her eye. "Listen, I've arranged it all."

"What do you mean? Arranged what?"

"Old Michael—I knew he'd do it. He'd do anything for me." She was out of breath, talking fast. "And once he says he will you can trust him with your life."

He drew away from her, staring at her blankly. "Why... what have you done?"

"I'm telling you." She spoke impatiently. "It's quite safe. When I left you this afternoon I didn't go

home. I went over to old Michael Carney's. He was our groom for twenty years. He's got a farm now, about four miles across the hills."

"Four miles! You've been there and back?"

"Of course."

"You've walked eight miles while I've been lying here asleep?"

"Why, that's nothing, nothing at all. I told Michael everything, and he's going to help. Why shouldn't he? He said. He fought the Germans himself in the last war." She wouldn't let Bill speak. "Listen, listen, don't interrupt me! You see, Michael's brother, Tim, is a fisherman at Dunlohalre, and when it's dark Michael'll drive you there. Then in the night Tim'll get you aboard and you'll be well up the coast by morning."

Bill was watching her; he didn't seem able to speak now.

Sinking on to a boulder, she shook the damp from her shawl. "I'll just have a few minutes' rest, and then I'll show you the way. Dear, what a mess I'm in! I took a short cut back. I hurried. I thought with the rain starting you'd be wondering what had happened to me."

He dropped on his knees beside her and caught her hand, gazing in horror at the scratches on legs and arms where brambles had caught at her as she hurried back over the rough country.

"Sheila... he said. "Sheila!" It seemed all he could say.

She searched his face anxiously. "Why, what's the matter? Perhaps you think I shouldn't have told Michael? But I tell you he's the safest man in Ireland. And so is Tim. Why don't you say something? You looked troubled, and I thought you'd be so pleased." A smile crossed her face, a smile not far from tears.

"You see there's more than one person in the length and breadth of Eire that wants to help you!"

Suddenly he burst out: "What have I done? I ought to be shot. This is the end of everything between us."

"No, no, it's not. Don't be so hopeless. The war'll end some day, and you'll come back here."

"Wait a minute," he said. "That's not what I mean. It's something I've done. You'll never forgive me when you know."

Jungle surgery successful

In a forward position in New Guinea, an Army doctor carried out an emergency head operation with great success.

He had few instruments, and his only attendants were the patients' mates.

This incident is told in a letter received by Mrs. H. Oke, 13 Daisy St., Geelong, Vic., from her son, who is a sapper.

UP the line in a forward position a chap was badly wounded in the head.

"The doctor saw he could not survive the journey back to the ambulance, so decided to take a chance in the jungle."

"A shelter was rigged up, and a rough table made. The light was supplied by torches and lanterns held by the boys, while others fanned their mate to keep the flies off."

"The doctor went to work, and his assistants were just boys from the 'mob.' He had to ask for his instruments, which were very few, by description: 'Give me the thing like a pair of pliers,' and so forth. 'The job took a long time.'

"The final touch was when he had to fill in the holes in his patient's skull. He hammered out two three-penny pieces and filed them, put them in place, and sewed up the head."

"Then he turned round to the mob and said, 'Not bad for my first field operation.'

"The gang looked over their souvenirs and picked the best, an officer's sword, and presented it to the doctor for doing the job."

"When we last heard of the patient he was O.K., down south, and probably guzzling beer."

"When I know?"

"Yes, I meant to tell you when you came back. I thought... I thought you were just going home to have tea."

"Tell me what? What are you talking about?"

"Sheila, when I came stumbling down the bank I was hiding from Lacey—but not in his capacity as Captain of the Guard, but as the dumbest guy in all Ireland."

"Well, I know he's all that. I know poor Derek's a terrible bore; but what—what?"

"Well, when you said he was your cousin—I wasn't going to start our acquaintance by insulting your family. I told you I fell in love with you the minute I saw you. Then later—I didn't want to break the spell... not just at first. And now—after all you've done for me! You'll never forgive me."

She was staring at him with dawning understanding. "You mean?"

"Yes, I'm not escaping. I can't even try to. I'm on parole."

Holding her hands—bending over her two grubby, scratched little hands—he knelt beside her contritely. "Maybe you'd have cared for me if it hadn't been for this."

He couldn't see the look on Sheila's face, the look of radiance, of a lamp burning surely. He couldn't know that she was bound to love him now. Now that she had planned and schemed for him, worn herself out with worry for his safety, and walked the shoes off her feet through mud and rain.

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Melo-dee
Powder
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Its lovely quality has never been altered. It is still the most delicate and soft powder obtainable—anywhere. The quality of Melo-dee all-purpose Cream, too, is still maintained.



TEA DRINKING. Servicemen on Morota Island pause for a well-earned cup of tea. Fred George (extreme left, back row) sent the photo to Mrs. M. George, Queen St. Woolahra, N.S.W.

the airmen bombed inside the circle of lap-laps.

"Now there are only two buta left in the village, and 200 Japs have joined their honorable ancestors."

Cpl. Neil Alford, member of Coogee Surf Club, N.S.W., in Stalag 383, Germany, to Miss H. Senior, 2 Park St., Clovelly, N.S.W.

"WE held a triangular international relay between Australia, England, and the Kiwis. We, the Aussies, romped home."

"Then a team from the whole of the camp, including all nationalities, challenged us. We accepted."

"Excitement was at boiling point. Betting in fags was legion. Our Aussie mates stuck by us grandly, and took on all-comers, backing us to the limit."

"Well, we were off. I swam fourth for our team. There was not much between the teams for a time, and then the third man swimming to me gained about half a yard."

"Was I excited? I went for my life and widened the breach a yard and a half. We won by about two yards."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk to the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Wonderful Help for ACHING FEET

Nothing So Soothing & Healing As

Zam-Buk

DO you ever set out on a round of shopping and have to give up long before you've finished—just because your feet hurt so much you simply can't go on? Then try this easy Zam-Buk way to healthy, comfortable feet.

First, bathe feet in warm water and dry thoroughly—then rub Zam-Buk into insteps, ankles, soles, and between the toes. The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk, sinking deep into the skin, act quickly on tired, aching and swollen feet, soothe and heal chafing, soreness, blisters, etc.

Start to-night and use Zam-Buk regularly.

1/6 a jar at all chemists and stores.



"In warm weather, tired, aching feet were my worst enemy. Since using Zam-Buk regularly I have experienced wonderful comfort. I am now a confirmed believer in Zam-Buk's soothing and healing power." —Mrs. E. James.

"Each night on holiday or at home I rub my feet with Zam-Buk to keep them cool, fresh and free from soreness and swelling. It is also splendid for preventing callouses." —Mrs. M. Sumner.

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If you want visual proof of how quickly it acts, simply drop a Bayer's Aspirin in a glass of water. You'll see it start to disintegrate in as little as two or three seconds. It sets to work just as quickly when you swallow it.

Bought by people who can afford the best but costs no more than other brands of Aspirin.

Bottle of 24, 1/3—Bottle of 100, 4/-

BAYER'S ASPIRIN Tablets

May 19, 1945

The Australian Women's Weekly

THE LION'S SHARE

Indignation seethed within the Major. It was too completely humiliating to end his career being eaten by a lion!

MAJOR POODAM saw the lion at the same moment the lion saw Major Poodam. Major Poodam was outraged. Lions didn't belong to British Columbia; least of all on beautiful Rebecca Spit.

The Spit formed a low, sandy bulwark, creating behind it a naval harbor; and it overlooked one of the two inland-protected waterways of the "Inland Passage" along which only could move all the naval and supply ships to northern waters in Canada and Alaska.

The Major was a conservative, orderly person; thus this sense of outrage at seeing the lion remained his chief emotion even after the lion began moving slowly toward him.

As the lion drew nearer, a sudden awareness of danger came to Major Poodam, a consciousness of peril, yet without fear. It had been said by those who knew him as a soldier during 25 years in India and in the First Great War: "Poodam is fearless." And the Major, at 66, retired on his five acres in this British Columbia spot of beauty at the head of the Spit, had not changed. He remained standing very still, staring at the approaching tawny shape.

"Deuced awkward!" he thought. In the next moment came curious wonder. "Now how did it get here? Funny, I haven't heard anything about it over the radio; and certainly such a happening would be broadcast."

While these thoughts passed swiftly, the animal continued toward him at grave and sober pace.

The Major continued to stand very erect, his slender cane touching the earth, yet no weight of his bearing upon it. Despite his years of varied hunting, experience with lions formed no part of it.

The Major's thoughts abruptly turned, racing to the present war: all those brave men, some of the younger officers known to him, who had fought in North Africa, who were now at it in Italy. And he was absolutely out of it! Indignation (seething in him for the past three and a half years) returned at the recollection of the London War Office's continued refusal of his insistently repeated offers to do something—anything—only to be allowed to be at it.

And now, after all this time of loving, of dreadful disappointment at not being permitted to serve his country, now to end up by being eaten by a lion! That was humiliation beyond all thought!

This mingling of indignation at recent wrongs and immediately pending possibilities ended abruptly. The lion had halted ten feet away. It gazed upon the Major with contemplative air. The man was filled with astonishment. Indeed, all unknown to the Major, this lion gazing upon him was quite as unfamiliar with Africa as the Major. Born in captivity in a small traveling circus, this was the first time in all its existence it had ever wandered free.

An hour earlier a fine young heifer, belonging to the Major's nearest neighbor, which found pleasant grazing upon the grassy stretches of the Spit, had been even more surprised than the Major at the lion's appearance, without, however, being granted the same period of reflection as the old soldier.

To the lion there was something vaguely reminiscent of his last trainer in this short, upright figure, dignified and commanding. And there was also the same thin Malacca cane with which the trainer had directed the afternoon and evening performances. Though the music,

the crowd in the theatre, the bars of the cage were lacking, the lion for the moment almost imagined he heard again that loved voice, firm but friendly, calling: "Up, Alexander."

There came over Alexander—"Amiable Alex," his trainer always called him—a surge of nostalgia. The hesitancy and question in his manner, which even the inexperienced Major had sensed without comprehending, left Alexander. With quickened step he marched upon the man.

Major Poodam, D.S.O., knowing nothing of Alexander's past and present thoughts, felt for the first time in his life a tingling along his spine. For the first time in his life he was consciously afraid. He stood even more rigidly.

Alexander stopped a pace distant. Still under the spell of the past, he dropped to a crouching position.

"This is the finish!" Poodam inwardly cried.

Alexander rolled over. He lay on his back, four enormous paws gesticulating ridiculously in the air.

But the man did not raise his cane and run it down along his belly, that thrilling tickling gesture of his trainer. Expectant, Alexander held his pose longer than usual. Disappointed, he completed the roll, rose to finish the old, often-repeated little by-play with his trainer by a gentle pull at the Major's sleeve.

The enormous breath of the animal filled the man's nostrils with its heat and power.

"By gad, old fellow, and I thought you were going to eat me!"

Overcome by reaction, the Major impulsively laid his plump hand upon the animal's shaggy head and scratched with slightly doubtful fingers behind Alexander's ear.

Alex growled softly. This at least was something familiar: the caress of his old trainer. The Major, hand still fondling the tawny ear, repeated, but aloud this time: "Deuced awkward to be adopted by a strange lion." This was followed by a consoling reminder. He said familiarly to the animal, "Remember, old fellow, you adopted me. I'm not adopting you. A nice technical point, eh, what?" A vast amusement filled the Major. It was an almost hysterical reaction (though he would never have admitted it even to himself) to the recent moment when he felt himself about to serve as a blue-plate special.

Abruptly the chuckle subsided. The adventure wasn't over. It was

owner was located. Its little windows would not permit Alex's escape; its mighty swinging door was beyond his strength. There was also a smaller door, now seldom used, but through which the Major could enter or throw in food.

The plan of campaign, moving so splendidly in his head, abruptly halted. "Deuced awkward!" Again the Major voiced concern. What if the lion refused to enter? Well, well, there wasn't any point in moving up bridges till he came to them.

Reaching the front gate, the Major swung it, passed through in the lead, the lion close at his heels. The front door opened. Catherine stood in the portal, a short, stout woman, a pile of white hair somehow giving an added touch to features remarkably tranquil. For a star-falling flash of time the placidity vanished as she turned a frightened cry into words wondering and admonishing: "George Poodam, what in the world! . . . Further speech falling, she waited.

"It's nothing, my dear, nothing," with more aliveness than he felt. "Just a lion I found wandering on the Spit. He's quite friendly. Indeed," this proudly, "the old fellow seems quite fond of me already. But perhaps it's best to be on the safe side, for the neighbors' sake, you know. So if you will just go out the back way, run the car out of the garage, open the door its widest and stand just back of it and not attract his attention, I'll lead him in. Then shut the door quickly."

Stalling for time, the Major dressed his companion.

"Well, old fellow, we're home. How do you like it?" He rubbed behind the lion's ear. The big cat growled softly. Then abruptly jerked up his head, went tense at the sound of the starting motor. He remained stiffly alert until the car grew silent.

The Major continued his caress. "There, there, my little lion," his voice attempted a crooning softness, something so utterly foreign to the Major's matter-of-fact and forceful tone, it sounded like a much-scratched and very old phonograph record. "Everything's all right for my little kitten. Come along and see the nice pretty place."

A narrow pebbled path led round the house to a grassy yard where the open doorway of the garage faced the rear entrance. Moving in front, erect, dignified, with forced assurance, and overwhelming doubt, the Major marched straight toward the doorway. As they stepped off the narrow path, Alexander came alongside. Shoulder to shoulder, grand soldiers on parade, in they went.

As they strode through the door, to the Major's extreme astonishment Alexander quickened his pace, leaving the man behind. He moved with now joyous action to the farther end of the garage. Utterly at a loss the man halted. As he did so the light went down with the closing of the door. To the lion this was as it should be—house lights out. A partial realization deepened in the Major. There at the corner of the garage was an overturned wooden tub. The Major filled this with changes of sea water when fattening clams with oatmeal.

But to Alexander the tub was an entirely different symbol; a vivid reminder of stage performances, a part of his past sharply upon him, brought back with nostalgic power when half an hour ago he had looked upon the erect figure of the man and his cane, so strongly recalling his former best-loved trainer.

Filled with animation the lion mounted the tub, half-turning, faced the Major.

"Splendid! Splendid! Quite all right, old boy!"



The Major, in natural voice for the first time since their meeting, roared genuine approval. With a reflex action quite unconscious, he slapped the cane upon his open palm, then, waving it gently to and fro, he backed unhurried, erect and dignified, toward the little door on his right.

The Major reached the door, pulled back the bolt, jerked at the stiffly opening frame, stepped through the portal, shot the bolt home. Half-turning he faced his wife. To hide his hand, which was a trifle shaky, he hung on a moment only to start violently as close against the door within came a long whimper. It was so full of reproach and pleading, the man felt an odd wrench at his heart. He called very soothingly: "There, there, it's all right, go to sleep."

Not wishing to be subjected to further appeals to his heart, the Major started rapidly for the house.

For the first time since settling in Restful Haven afternoon tea was not the cosy and restful break in the day it had always been.

"The question is," said the Major as they discussed the disposal of their unexpected responsibility, "how to get in touch with the owner. It surely should not be very difficult. After all, Kate, my girl, people don't lose valuable beasts like that without quickly setting about recovering them."

"I hope you are right," Catherine replied, very dubiously.

"Why, Kate, my girl, what other answer could there possibly be?"

"The meat scarcity, for one thing. And the fact the lion turns up on this lonely out-of-the-way island in British Columbia. It's quite different than if the lion had been

found wandering on the outskirts of any big city; that would be understandable. The reasonable surmise being it had escaped from some travelling circus or the zoo. If not that, then some eccentric person who kept it as a pet and could no longer support it after meat became scarce, yet had not the heart to do away with it, simply turned it loose under cover of the night at a safe distance from home."

"Come, come, Kate, my girl, people just don't drop lions as some heartless people dispose of unwanted kittens." Yet, despite his emphatic ridicule, a dreadful uncertainty gripped his heart. For, after 30 years of marriage, Poodam had a most profound respect for his wife's opinion.

A knock on the door. This, as Mrs. Poodam arose to admit, with some considerable astonishment, Colonel Kingcombe. He was a very tall, thin man, dark, sharp-faced, very trim and sardonic. A bachelor of uncertain age, he lived with one manservant. Though the Poodams' nearest neighbor, as nearness went on these island wilderness reaches, they saw him only occasionally. This was the first time he had ever been in their house.

"Come in, Colonel, you're just in time for a spot of tea."

Kingcombe came forward stiffly. "No, thank you, I will not sit down. I just came over to tell you of an extraordinary happening. Most extraordinary! I found the remains of my prize heifer, Julia, on the Spit a few moments ago. As you know, Major, or perhaps I've never mentioned it to you, I'm an experienced big-game hunter. If this wasn't British Columbia, I'd have sworn that heifer was killed and partly eaten by a lion."

The Major's heart dropped heavily. Before he could speak, the calm of the mellow afternoon was shattered by a roar from Alexander, resentful at the Major's failure to return.

"By Jove, that is a lion's roar!" Colonel Kingcombe's contemplated dash toward the door was halted by his host's almost agonized reply.

"Yes, it is a lion, Colonel—in my garage." Though there was absolutely no reason for it the Major's voice was humble, actually apologetic.

Colonel Kingcombe fixed the unhappy man with baleful eyes, into which quickly grew a light of crafty triumph. "What is this, Major? You keep a pet lion unknown to your neighbors?"

"Heavens! No!" The Major started back aghast at this unexpected implication. He began the story of his morning. As he did his apologetic manner of the previous moment faded. The Major became himself again: calm, cool, collected, dignified. As he progressed a faint sneer grew upon the Colonel's naturally sardonic features. This gave way to a glare of angry incredulity as his brother soldier concluded.

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By FRANCIS DICKIE

only beginning.

"Deuced awkward," he repeated once more aloud. "Catherine will certainly be disturbed."

Yet, the Major reflected, he must return home, and, in fairness to the community, he couldn't, as an old soldier, a gentleman and a good citizen, do other than put the lion under restraint. He remembered that his near neighbor, Colonel Kingcombe, half a mile farther along the Spit, had a cow and a yearling heifer. The lion at liberty might eat them. His reflections would have been dreadfully upset if destiny a few minutes earlier had allowed him to walk 50 yards farther where the remains of Colonel Kingcombe's heifer lay.

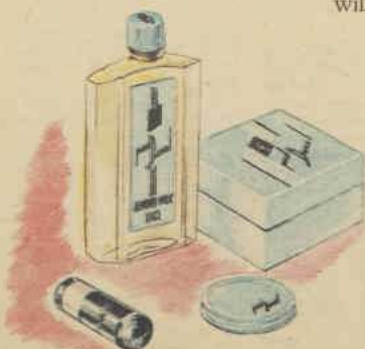
Dropping his right hand from the lion's ear the Major turned. Erect, dignified, he moved briskly homeward. Majestically, Alexander strode beside him, a big brute, his head level with the shoulder of the short and paunchy officer.

As they went the old soldier planned his campaign. The garage would hold the animal until its

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PASTORAL

By NEVIL SHUTE

FLIGHT - LIEUTENANT PETER MARSHALL, captain of the bomber R for Robert, grows slack and irritable in his work after SECTION - OFFICER GERVAISE ROBERTSON refuses his offer of marriage.

His crew become resentful—especially SERGEANT-PILOT GUNNAR FRANCK, his navigator, and SERGEANT PHILLIPS, his rear-gunner, who had been his fishing mates. Gervaise, learning of the friction among them from Gunnar, knows its cause, and is deeply dismayed.

Now read on—

GERVAISE took to spending longer hours than usual upon her work, staying on after duty in the signals office. She did this partly from an instinct to avoid the ante-room, where she would be certain to encounter Marshall, partly for the diversion for her own mind that her work could give, and partly from a sense of duty.

There were indications, clear to all the station, that their spell off operations was coming to an end; she was concerned that when raids started up again her operators should be all on the top line, that there should be no inefficiency in the radio service if a girl went sick and a reserve girl had to be pulled in. She sat on in her office after tea each evening thinking out contingencies, planning for troubles and emergencies that might arise.

In it all, she was deeply troubled over R for Robert.

When she had talked to Gunnar Franck he had been very sore indeed, very much hurt and upset at his captain's attitude. She wondered unhappily if she ought to do something about it; if so, what could she do?

Her reason told her that she had much better do nothing. A team that had done so many sorties together was not likely to disintegrate because one member of it had become irritable; that was absurd. Irritation with each other was not quarrelling; in R for Robert nobody wanted to murder anybody else. There was minor friction in that crew, but that was not a matter that could go before the wing-commander.

At the end of a fortnight the station was closed again and the crews made their final preparations for another operation; when the briefing came it turned out that it was to be Mannheim.

Marshall had been to Mannheim twice before; he knew the appearance of the city from the air, and the landmarks in the immediate neighborhood. He listened to the briefing idly, with only half his mind upon the job, staring at the familiar air photographs in absent meditation, making a desultory note or two about objectives.

He was feeling stale and tired and fed-up with the whole business.

For many nights now he had slept badly; with the close of the fishing season all the savor had gone out of life at Hartley Magna. He had reached the settled opinion that he

had failed with Gervaise because he was himself an unattractive fool, and this mood of self-deprecation, like an infection, was spreading into his work. He knew that his crew had become annoyed with him; it was only natural, he felt, for an aircrew to become annoyed with an inefficient captain.

In recent weeks, he felt, all the zest had gone out of the work; flying and operations now were just another duty to be got through somehow or other before he could return and see Gervaise eating buttered toast in the ante-room, and suffer again.

Gunnar Franck sat beside him. He also had seen Mannheim several times before, but he was not in love. He sat with his attention concentrated on the briefing; it was in the back of his mind that since Marshall was obviously not himself, much more might devolve upon the navigator than usual. Gunnar Franck was quite prepared to undertake this, and was concentrating hard upon the briefing with that in his mind, but he was resentful that it should be necessary.

The crews dispersed after the briefing, to take off in a couple of hours' time. Marshall went back to the mess for a light meal; he felt tired and depressed. He sat next to Pat Johnson, who said: "Take you on at golf to-morrow if it's fine. Give you half a stroke a hole."

Marshall said morosely: "I can't play that fool game."

The conversation lapsed, and they ate on in silence. Half an hour later Marshall went down to the crew-room; his party were already there, getting into their flying clothing. Listlessly he began to dress: boots, scarf, sidcot, harness. With helmet, 'chute, and gloves upon his knee he sat down on the bench and waited, silent and irritable. Gunnar Franck and Phillips in turn tried him with a casual remark; he snapped back at them shortly, and they let him alone.

The truck came presently and they piled into it, and drove off round the ring runway in the darkness, stopping from time to time at the dispersed machines to drop the crews. They came to Robert, and Marshall got out with his crew; the sergeant-tigger came forward from the darkness to meet them.

"All ready, sir," he said.

The pilot said sharply: "Have you got the windscreen clean this time?"

The sergeant said resentfully: "I had a man doing nothing else but polish up the perspex and the windscreen for an hour, sir."

Marshall turned away. "I'll see if he's made a job of it."

He climbed up into the nose of the aircraft behind his crew; everything was clammy and oily to the touch. Standing beside his seat he put his 'chute into the stowage and laid gloves and helmet on the seat; then he went aft down the fuselage to the navigation and W/T positions and down the tail to Phillips near the turret.

"Keep your eyes open to-night," he said. "There'll be a moon; we're liable to meet a good few fighters." Phillips knew that quite as well as he did; the remark was unnecessary



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and in a way insulting, in the light of all their operations as a crew.

Marshall looked over the more secret parts of the equipment, and made his way back through the fuselage to the cockpit. He got into his seat and pulled his helmet on, and strapped it tight and settled it upon his head, and plugged in the inter-com. Then through the window at his side he shouted down into the darkness: "Sergeant Miles. Send up someone with a rag to do this windscreen. The thing's still filthy."

While that was being cleaned off to his satisfaction, he spoke one by one to all the members of his crew. "Hullo, wireless operator. Wireless O.K.?"

"Wireless O.K., Cap."

"Oxygen O.K.?"

"Oxygen O.K., sir."

Satisfied with his crew he glanced at his watch, then shouted through his window: "O.K. for starting up?"

"O.K. for starting up, sir."

"Stand clear. Contact starboard engine." His hand moved upon the switch.

"Contact, sir."

The starter growled and the propeller revolved slowly; then it kicked forward as the engine coughed, choked for a moment, and began to run. Marshall started the port engine and sat while they warmed, setting his trim and making himself comfortable in his seat.

PRESENTLY he began upon his routine of running up, testing the pitch controls, the magnetos, the petrol cocks, the boost. He tried the flaps and set the compass and the gyro. Everything was in order. He signed the engine log and handed it to Gunnar, who passed it down to the sergeant-fitter standing on the steps below the entrance hatch.

The steps were taken away, and Gunnar closed the hatch. Marshall waved the chocks away, and the Wimpey moved off slowly round the ring road towards the marshalling point at the end of the long runway, marked by small, dim lights.

The machine before them opened out and trundled down the runway, its tail light a diminishing white speck that wavered up into the night. Marshall taxied up and swung round into wind and said down the inter-com: "Stand by now to take off."

He sat staring over to the control office, thinking of Gervaise with an aching heart. He knew she was not there.

He had informed himself that she was on duty at Group W/T that night, three miles away at Pilsey. A green light flashed at him.

He turned his head and pressed the throttles forward, and they moved.

The dim lights flicked past them on each side in quickening tempo. He eased her off the ground as soon as she would take it and climbed slowly up into the night, laden with three tons of incendiaries for Mannheim.

He took her up to about nine thousand feet, and put her over to the automatic pilot. Cloud below them prevented Gunnar from pinpointing their route. He became very busy with his sextant at the astro hatch, and in computing the position at the navigating table. Marshall left his seat after a time and came and checked the course and observations with him in the light of the little shaded lamp.

"Still making these fool sevens," he said.

In the dim, roaring confinement of the fuselage Gunnar flushed. Everything that they said could be heard by the rest of the crew over the inter-com.

"It is only for my own work this. When I pass the course to you I make an English seven, always."

The pilot grunted and went back to his seat in the cockpit. Though they were over England still he did not care to be away too long from the controls. Behind him Gunnar Franck worked steadily at the navigation. Beyond him Leech sat at the wireless reading a paper-covered Western. "Jeannie of the Golden Gulch."

"Cap wants a course, Gunnar," the wounded operator gasped. "I'll be all right."

Sergeant Cobbett, the flight engineer sent with them for the operation, moved between cockpit instruments and the fuel gauges, watching the engines through the little windows in the fuselage.

In the rear turret, Sergeant Phillips sat brooding over his guns.

Phillips did not think very quickly, nor easily adjust his mind. Rather, he was patient and thorough. Through long meditation he had satisfied himself just what a Ju88 night-fighter would look like as it came into range. He had it all visualised in scale against the bars that framed the periscope of his dome.

It had, in fact, looked just like that when it had come at them from behind over Rostock. His tracer had crossed theirs as they fired simultaneously, but he had been luckier than the German pilot. The Ju88 had reared up suddenly behind him, so that its tracer went streaming above them. For an instant he had had the belly and wing under-surface exposed, and had held himself braced at the sight, while the whole rear end of the Wimpey shook and quivered with the violence of his guns. Then the 88 dropped back behind until it was a flaming beacon forty-five degrees below.

Please turn to page 28

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May 19, 1945

The Australian Women's Weekly

THERE were two photographs on the mantel of Adele Summer's apartment in the Wickham, one of a man in uniform, the other of Stanley Featherstone in a blue serge suit. The man in uniform was her father, and he had died for his country in the Argonne when Adele was two. Stanley Featherstone was not in uniform because he was 4-F.

This was not his fault—Adele reminded herself when she became slightly annoyed at Stanley's continually telling her why he was 4-F. It made her feel guilty because she was engaged to Stanley.

But on the previous night he had not only talked, he had also shown her X-rays.

And because of that, the next morning when she took Pluffy for his morning constitutional Adele was depressed.

Under the canopy Adele met the mailman, who handed her a letter. It was addressed to Mr. Arnold Summer or Family, and it had been despatched all over the country before finding its way to the investment-trust offices handling Adele's finances, and forwarded to her from there.

It gave Adele a queer feeling, because she never received letters from anyone. Carrying it into the park, Adele sat down and opened it.

"For some time now," she read, "I have been carrying round an old canteen from the last war. It has the name Arnold Summer scrawled on it. I didn't think anything about it at first, but now I've been seeing that name so long I'm going out wondering what kind of guy Arnold Summer is or was. So if this letter ever finds him, I'd appreciate a note, just so I know who drank out of this the last time. Thanks." The letter was signed, "Timothy Applegate."

Sitting there alone in the park with the letter in her lap, Adele found herself wondering what Timothy Applegate looked like, and then her conscience forced her thoughts away. Timothy Applegate was no concern of hers.

But she thought it would do no harm to write to him. And later on in the day she wrote the letter. She did not include her address, but put down General Delivery and the post-office branch nearest the Wickham.

"Your canteen," the letter stated, "belonged to my father, who died in the last war, and for that reason you may feel that it is bad luck for you to carry it with you. But, although he died when I was two, I think you would have considered him a good guy," and he was posthumously awarded the oak-leaf cluster. I am glad to have been able to tell you who Arnold Summer was, and I wish you the best of luck.

"Sincerely,
"Adele Summer."

After Adele had sealed the envelope she turned and looked at her father's portrait on the mantel. She felt that she would have been very fond of her father if she had been privileged to know him.

Her mother had told her little about him. Mrs. Summer had never forgiven her husband for enlisting and leaving her alone with a baby daughter. A possessive woman, Mrs. Summer had kept Adele close to her side, planning all of the details of her life right up until the night she had died. But by then Adele's future had been fixed, and Mrs. Summer, after a thorough campaign, had persuaded her daughter that her happiness lay in accepting Stanley Featherstone. Adele, who was rather vague on what happiness was, had given in.

That night Stanley came over and rang the buzzer downstairs.

They were going to a concert within walking distance, and as they strolled along Adele told Stanley about the letter from Timothy Applegate.

"I really don't think you should have answered it," Stanley said. "After all, he's a complete stranger."

"I considered it a patriotic duty," Adele said. "After all, I'm not helping very much. You didn't want me to get in the Services, and all I do is roll bandages and things like that."

She said no more, but she was



"You see, Stanley," Adele said, "I've been corresponding with Timothy Applegate."

way, brown Betty, and had she ever been to Stefani's restaurant on Twelfth Street?

A few nights later, when Stanley was taking Adele out to dinner, she said innocently, "Stanley, have you ever been to Stefani's on Twelfth Street?"

"Never," said Stanley.

"Please," said Adele, "I'd like to go."

In a low-ceilinged room, where soft lights and rich furnishings gave an air of repose, Mr. Stefani himself supervised their dinner. On the pretext that she was going to powder her nose, Adele accosted Mr. Stefani.

"Did you ever know a Timothy Applegate?" she asked.

Mr. Stefani beamed. "Mist' Applegate. Sure I know him. Long time no see."

"He's in the Army," Adele explained. "Is he handsome?"

Mr. Stefani considered, then negatively shook his head. Adele went back to her table, and a little

Adele sat down at her writing-desk in the residential where she lived and began to write.

"Dear Timothy,—I went to Stefani's last night and Mr. Stefani wants to be remembered to you. He was very nice, and so was the food. We drank a toast in Chianti to you."

"There is something I must tell you, and I should have told you before. I am engaged to be married, and I never should have written to you at all. I want you to be sure and destroy my picture as soon as you get this letter, and also all of my letters, but especially the picture, although, of course, there is nothing in the letters that is at all incriminating. And you must not write me any more, so this is good-bye and good luck.—Sincerely, Adele Summer."

She watched the letter drop down the mail chute and out of sight. Timothy Applegate was dropping out of her life the same way. But, after all, she told herself, there was no reason for her to want to hear

from him again.

There was no reason for a number of things, such as her buying the next afternoon a dozen Bing Crosby records, and the novels of Ernest Hemingway. And as she thought back over their letters, it was a shock that she seemed to know more about Timothy than about Stanley.

Adele had dinner that night with Stanley's family. Timothy's letter was in her purse, and later in the evening, when she and Stanley were alone, he said, "You seem preoccupied, Adele. Have you had another letter from that man?"

"Well," Adele said timidly—"well, Stanley, I'm afraid I have."

"I would like to read it," Stanley said.

Adele hesitated, then handed it over. He read it in grim silence, then started to put it in his pocket.

"I shall answer this," Adele said. "I'd like to have the letter back."

Reluctantly Stanley returned it. She continued to write and to receive letters from him, and finally one came along a little different from the others.

"My dear girl," it began, "I had, a short time ago, a communication

from a man who signed himself Stanley Featherstone, which I strongly suspect is an assumed name. In this letter he ordered me to stop writing to you, and said he was your fiancé, and that if I refused to obey he would be compelled to take the necessary steps.

"I am somewhat alarmed about this letter. The whole tone of it indicates that it was written by a crank. In my younger days I spent some time in studying handwriting, which, as you know, is a great clue to character. And all I can say about the writer of this letter is that I am surprised that he is still running round loose."

"I cannot tell you where I am now, but there is a sound accompaniment in the distance as I write this letter, and I may tell nobody is popping corn round here. Write to me again when you find time and think of me always."

"Your devoted guardian,
"Timothy Applegate."

Stanley having been on a short business trip, Adele did not see him for several days. But immediately after he had kissed her he said, "I think you've had another letter from that man."

"But what can I do, Stanley?" Adele protested. "I told him not to write to me any more. He won't pay any attention to me."

"There is just one way to end this," Stanley said. "There is no alternative. We shall be married as soon as it can be arranged. This is not what I wished."

"You mean you don't want to be married?" Adele said.

"Not at all. I merely think the time is unsuitable. But I shall arrange the details. We shall be married within the next two months, as soon as I can get my schedule cleared. You had better start looking for your trousseau."

The next day Adele went shopping. But she had a headache, nothing appealed to her, and she made no purchases. Stanley had asked her to procure their marriage licence, but she had not yet done so, and a month later their wedding date had not been definitely decided upon.

She continued to go to the post-office each day and always in vain. He might have been killed out there somewhere, and she would never know where, or when, or how. Or he might simply have forgotten her.

Please turn to page 10

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

later on Mr. Stefani appeared with three glasses and sat down with them. "A toast," said Mr. Stefani to Adele's growing horror. "Hurrah for Mist' Applegate and the U.S. Army."

Stanley did not join them as they drank. He waited until Mr. Stefani, apparently under the impression that Stanley was her father, had left to attend to other diners. "I think it's time you explained a few things," he then said.

"Yes, dear," Adele gripping the wineglass before her said, "You see, Stanley, I've been corresponding with Timothy Applegate. He asked me about this restaurant."

"I see," Stanley looked at Adele as though she were in the witness-box. "Have you written this man that you are engaged to be married?"

"Not yet," said Adele in a small voice.

"It is my wish," said Stanley, "that you inform this man you are about to be married. Furthermore," Stanley went on, "that letter will end this nonsense. I don't want you corresponding with other men."

The next morning, accordingly,

slightly pensive that night. And later on, alone in her apartment, instead of going to bed, she stood at the window and looked out over the dimmed-out city. She reminded herself that she had everything to live for. Stanley Featherstone was probably right in postponing their marriage because of the unsettled condition of the world, and he had, after all, given her an engagement ring worth five hundred dollars. What more could a girl want?

She proceeded to forget Timothy Applegate, but a week later, when she was walking Pluffy past the post office anyway, she went in and asked if there was any mail for her. If he had answered, it would be a shame not to read his reply.

There was a letter, and Adele scurried back through the park, up to her apartment, and dropped into a chair.

"Thanks," she read, "for giving me the story of the canteen. I'll be able to sleep nights now. You didn't say anything about yourself in the letter, but I take it from the signature that you are single, also that you are probably in your twenties. I picture you as being a small girl with serious blue eyes. Am I right?—Sincerely, Timothy Applegate."

That night another letter went down the Wickham mail chute. But before Adele wrote it she went through a photograph album. She had nothing but snapshots of herself. They were completely undistinguished save one, taken two summers before at a beach resort. She slipped it into the letter.

And a few days later a long and lean young man, sitting on the edge of his bunk, scrutinized the photograph, turning it upside down and examining it from every angle. Then very carefully he put it away and turned again to the letter written in a precise feminine hand.

"The Yankees," he read with awe, "were triumphant in both encounters with the White Sox from Chicago. A Mr. Keller, who struck the ball beyond the playing area in both encounters, was largely responsible."

Timothy Applegate held the letter away from him and read it again. He then repeated the phrase reverently: "The Yankees were triumphant in both encounters."

As the days went by Adele was becoming more and more aware that she had a conscience. It seemed to grow heavier after each letter from Timothy Applegate, who told her in successive reports that he liked Bing Crosby, Ernest Heming-

Affectionately Yours

SHE gave herself another week, and at the end of that time the silence was still unbroken. That day she went downtown to the City Hall. She stood in the entrance of a room for a few minutes, then, making up her mind, went to the window.

She felt better when she left. Some of the turmoil had died down in her heart. And the next day she left her apartment early to go down to Stanley's office. He did not like to be interrupted in the morning, but this was important.

Because it was on her way, she stopped at the post office and inquired, and as usual, the clerk shook his head.

She turned a trifle unsteadily, went outside, and walked toward the park. It was then that she noticed the man walking beside her. She had to look up finally, and when she saw the lean, grave face looking anxiously down at her she began to cry.

"My hat," said Timothy. He led her into the park, and they sat down on a bench. "Why didn't you give me your address?" Timothy demanded. "I've been sitting on those post-office steps since yesterday afternoon."

Adele hoped she could speak firmly. "Captain Applegate, in the first place you should have destroyed my picture. I wrote you as a patriotic duty. I didn't think you were the kind who would misinterpret my letters."

"Look here," said Tim. "Are you accusing me of having fallen in love with you by mail?"

Continued from page 9

"Of course not," Adele said hastily.

"Well, then," said Tim. "Didn't I tell you to regard me as a Dutch uncle? You are engaged, I believe."

"Yes. To Stanley Featherstone." Tim looked gravely at her, then took her hands in his.

"Adele," he said. "I am the champion liar in the Army. I was doing everything I could to keep you from getting married."

It wasn't easy to listen; her thoughts kept drifting off. Mr. Stefani had been right, he was not handsome, but she knew she could look at him forever.

"Adele," he said. "I knew long before I ever saw you. We were never strangers. I'm in love with you."

She had no trouble hearing that, and the happiness inside her was almost too bright as she remembered days past and the thing that she had done as a symbol of her love for someone she thought she'd never see.

"Where," said Tim, "can we get a marriage licence?"

"I—" She fumbled in her purse and, wide-eyed, handed him a document.

He unfolded it, then stared from the paper to her. "Your name on it," he said in awe, "and mine."

She hoped he wouldn't consider her outrageous, and then her fears were all dispelled. The kiss he gave her came from no Dutch uncle.

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KINGCOMBE arose stiffly. "Come, come, Major, you don't expect me to believe such a cock-and-bull yarn. All this wild tale to get out of paying me for my beifer you found your pet had eaten." Colonel Kingcombe towered in derisive fury over the now stunned Major.

"Come now, Major, let's settle this thing reasonably. Give me your cheque for 125 dollars," Kingcombe went on.

These concluding words sent a cold chill to Poodam's heart. Then anger filled him. That a fellow officer should stoop to blackmail!

In the wake of these thoughts came an amazing explosion in Poodam's mind, slow-working at the best of times. Returned vividly something which for several years had vaguely lain at the back of his mind.

Kingcombe had taken up his place, an old abandoned farm, shortly before the outbreak of war. Kingcombe never once had invited the Major to visit him, nor accepted his own neighborly offer of hospitality shortly after Kingcombe's arrival. No one had ever been invited to Kingcombe's. He recalled this being commented upon by some of the neighbors one day at the village store.

However, it was none of these facts which now stirred Poodam. Yet they served as an ominous background to that larger something seething now within his mind.

The occasions when he had chanced to meet the Colonel had been rare ones. On mail days, as their road was the same for some little distance, they had walked part of the way homeward several times. Naturally, Poodam spoke of Army life. This without the slightest intention of wishing to draw out any particulars about the Colonel's past; they were both old soldiers, and to talk shop was second nature with the Major. Always the Colonel had avoided the subject.

Poodam was snapped back to the present by Kingcombe's voice. An odd note of indulgence was in his grating tone.

"Come, come, Major. Surely you can make up your mind. After all, if you want to protect your pet, 125 dollars isn't such a high price."

Poodam gazed at this tall, thin, too trim man. Something about his wasp waist awoke another vision; it suggested something else along the line and in keeping with the main idea convulsing him. Yet, though he strove fiercely to grasp it, the thing eluded. Rising anger banished perplexity momentarily. He said, with such sudden ferocity Kingcombe took a backward step: "I'll give you nothing. The lion doesn't belong to me, even if I now have it in my care. If it killed your beifer that happened before I met it, and you can't hold me responsible. And now will you get out of my house."

Kingcombe, his face convulsed, faced him silently. "Very well, my friend, I'll report you to the Provincial Police for harboring a dangerous animal. That'll cost you more than if you'd paid me for my beifer."

Poodam, never a quick thinker, was prompted again by an unknown something. He shot back: "Don't waste your time. I've already done it."

For a moment after the door banged the Major and his wife remained gazing at each other.

"Trying to blackmail me!" The enormity of the attempt roused him to speech.

Kate replied, almost dazedly: "It's so unlike a British officer, I can hardly believe it yet."

"Eh, what," Poodam said eagerly. "That's what's been bothering at the back of my head. Kate, my girl, you've helped me. Kingcombe isn't a British officer. Somehow vaguely I've always felt it. There's something foreign about him. I think I must have always unconsciously felt it, but never heeded. But never with full consciousness until just now when he said: 'My friend, I'll report you.' Did you notice it? How queerly he said 'friend,' a sort of a slip of a carefully trained tongue, caused by anger. And the way he stood and looked. What is it he reminds me of?" There was agony in the intensity with which the Major strove to remember.

The Lion's Share

Continued from page 5

After a minute Kate, returning to the practical, suggested: "Haden't you better walk to the village and phone the Provincial Police about the lion? Now you've told the Colonel you did it, you can't let him lay his information ahead of you."

"Walk! This is no time to consider rations. I'll take the car."

The little car sped along the seldom-travelled road. With half the distance covered the Major abruptly stopped the car.

"That's it!" He remained in ecstatic silence a flash of time, only to grow grave at the widening import of the astonishing detonation in his mind regarding Kingcombe.

On his return from telephoning the police at the village store the Major was strangely silent and preoccupied.

Entering the garage through the little door he found the lion asleep. The Major closed the door. Tomorrow would be time enough to feed him.

At a few minutes past 11 the next morning Officer Cameron, from the nearest Provincial Police headquarters, was shown in by Kate to the living-room, where a much perturbed Major Poodam sat waiting. The two men talked for nearly an hour.

When Cameron finally rose, he said, very gravely, "This is a very serious matter, Major. If I undertake it on my own responsibility and you are wrong, it might bring my dismissal and a damage suit against the Government."

Major Poodam, erect, dignified, but not quite calm under the pressure of his terrible earnestness, nodded.

"We are at war, Cameron. We both fought in the last one. You have known me some time, ever since I came here. I never was so certain of a thing in my life. You must act. I, as a British officer, will assume full responsibility."

"Very well, Major, I'm with you."

The grimaces on Officer Cameron's face while listening to the Major's talk now momentarily lifted. He smiled:

"Your serious information made me nearly forget the lion that's on the loose round here. He's badly wanted. He's a Canadian regiment's mascot; belongs to the Rangers from Vancouver. They got him from a travelling showman just before they took a transport for the North. Just where the beast jumped overboard nobody knew, but all the Provincial Police stations were wireless. Well, Major, things sure do come all in a heap, don't they?"

The Major almost smiled. "Let's take care of the Colonel first, Cameron, and then perhaps I can help you find that lion."

The surprise raid on Colonel Kingcombe's home late that afternoon by five Provincial officers and Major Poodam made the headlines across the continent, and even half a column in the "Times" of London.

A powerful short-wave set had been conveying to Berlin since the outbreak of war, and to Tokio, after Pearl Harbor, a vast amount of varied information from the isolated home of Colonel Kingcombe, overlooking the so important sea lane to Alaska.

"It finally came to me, Kate, my girl, as I drove to the store," Poodam explained exultantly the evening after the raid, as weary but triumphant, he sat in the living-room of Restful Haven. "Kingcombe looked like an officer, but not a Britisher. But what kind of an officer? The answer was at the back of my head all the time, all mixed up with different things I was putting together while he was trying to hold me up for that scrub of a beifer. Then, in the car, I remembered one time in the last war when we took a lot of German prisoners, among them a Prussian officer. That was Kingcombe—a Prussian officer right in our midst."

"It was brilliant of you," Kate's admiration was too much even for her usual placidity.

"Ah, now, I say, Kate, my girl," the Major deprecated, "really, you know, really the lion's share of the credit goes to the lion. If he hadn't adopted me, why this German spy might have gone on here. They've identified him. He's famous." He added regretfully: "If my pension was larger, and if there was enough meat, dashed if I wouldn't like to keep the beast. I've grown quite fond of him, you know."

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WITH the W.R.A.N.S. ... by Virgil



● Wran in summer uniform.



● Wran officer in winter uniform.

● The Women's Royal Australian Naval Service has just celebrated its fourth birthday.

When the Service began on April 28, 1941, there were 14 members. To-day there are 2000 Wrans who are on duty at naval depots in all States.



● Beds in their barracks are two-deckers.



● Filing clerk on duty.

● "Second Officer's gone ashore, sir." (Nautical terms are used even in shore establishments.)



● Washing down the "quarter deck" (actually courtyard at barracks).

● Teleprinter operators.



● Operating de-gaussing recorder, instrument which records magnetism thrown off by a ship as it passes over the de-gaussing range in a harbor.



● On duty they are permitted to remove their coats in their own office.



● They carry messages to ships in port.



● Girls are allowed to entertain men visitors in their recreation room.



● Semaphore signalling. Many girls work in all branches of signals.



● When awakened for night watch they sign duty book as check.

THE SENIOR SERVICE IS PROUD OF THEM.



JOB OF WORK. Wran D. J. Robinson, of Sydney, at a North Queensland naval base, adjusts car's brakes.



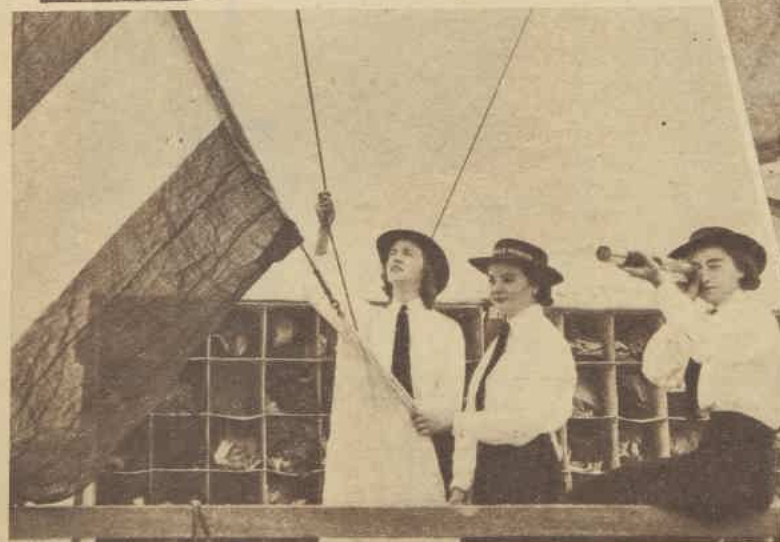
STUDYING SIGNALS. Chief P.O. E. Johnson at N.S.W. port signal station with three members of the W.R.A.N.S. The Navy is proud of the girls of this service.



ACTION. Third-Officer L. Stewart (left) and P.O. E. Hackney enjoy their fencing match during recreation period at New South Wales naval depot.



ON DUTY. Signaller Elaine Baxter gives message through speaking-tube to control-room.



SHIP AHOY. Signallers prepare to signal ship entering N.S.W. port. (Left) M. Chrystal hoists flags, E. Baxter bends (ties) on flags, and M. Owen watches for answer.



IRONING DAY. Wrans at a northern base iron their tropical gear in the barracks. In foreground, L. to R.: Robinson (Vic.) and J. McLeod (Qld.)



SEA-BOOTS and SOUTHWESTER. Signaller M. Chrystal (N.S.W.) wears this rig in wet weather at port signal station for her watch from the cliff-tops.



NAVAL CAPS. Wrens B. Evans (left), of N.S.W., and H. Kent (Qld.) stow away sailors' caps at northern base.



"HO-HO." Wrens H. Ruddle (Qld.) and N. C. Lawrence (N.S.W.) fill demijohns with limejuice for ships' supplies.



CHART. Third-Officer J. Cox (N.S.W.) at work on a hydrographic chart at the W.R.A.N.S. base in North Queensland.



DISCUS THROWER. P.O. R. Hackney demonstrates discus throwing to Wrens at N.S.W. base.

LEFT: Messenger Wren C. Barber (N.S.W.) sets off in duty cutter manned by R.N. ratings to deliver signals to ships in Sydney Harbor.

Romance
... will return



OLD SOLDIERS TRAVEL LIGHT

They cut their personal gear to barest minimum when going to battlefronts

When men of the A.I.F. pack up to move to new battlefronts their packs are in two sizes — veteran and novice.

And the former is about half the size of the latter. Five years of war have taught veterans what not to take.

THE novices take a lot of unnecessary things; spares of shaving soap, toothpaste, razors. Useless gadgets thrust on them by well-wishers.

They take a swag of personal clothing, and too much sentimental impedimenta: books, knick-knacks, and expensive farewell gifts. They carry too much weight, and they are sorry.

Let us look at an old-timer's final pack for his latest campaign, and see how experience has changed the contents from the original array.

In his first trip to the Middle East it was a bulging brown kitbag, and an equally heavy sea-kit.

Then to New Guinea, and, in some cases, back to that delightful place a second time. Now it's a light pack containing only the barest necessities of Army-issue gear and the plainest of personal kit.

An amazing amount of the original conglomeration has long been discarded.

For instance, all extra clothing, mostly woollens, has gone.

That first dozen pairs of socks specially knitted by Phyllis and

By JOSHUA, A.I.F.

Auntie Em are now replaced by two pairs of A.C.F. or Army issue.

Woolen sweaters, mittens, gloves, and scarves are a mere memory, while the "wogs" in the Middle East promptly took over the entire clip of 50,000 balacabras.

And those bulky, expensive farewell gifts—solid leather writing-cases, pixskin compendiums, hairbrushes in leather cases, silver shaving-mugs.

Well! Some will be faithfully packed again, but the majority are unobtrusively stowed away at home.

Probably a big percentage of writing-cases, worn soft by five years of use, will still endure, but many are replaced by pilable, home-made canvas satchels.

Hairbrushes have completely disappeared, a comb is the soldier's sole tonsorial aid. Shaving-mugs, for the fair-dinkum pack, are now mostly tobacco tins, the smaller the better.

Toothbrushes, toothpaste, razor and blades now go into a small battered tin or cloth folder. The original

batch of steel mirrors is now as non-existent as money-belts.

With thoughts on desert conditions when preparing for their first departure, practically all soldiers took a fly-net. They were never worn.

Some men even fell for the advice to take soothing white lipsticks!

Then there were insect powders, seasick cures, saltwater soap, barley sugar and elaborate dark glasses. They won't get a ride this trip.

Some men will confess ruefully that they originally carried their brown civvy shoes in the confident hope of dancing in gay cabarets with intriguing Eastern beauties. If any rag-cutting offers in the new campaign, the old hobnails will do.

Pegs to hang out the washing are now a few safety-pins, and that fine silver chain you gave him for his identification discs is now a boot-lace.

On the other hand, some things will go with every soldier as long as he carries his pack up a gang-plank.

No. 1 certainty is a wallet containing a precious collection of photographs and snapshots.

Usually the photo is of his wife or fiancée. It is of postcard size, and years have worn its holder and yellowed its transparent cover.

Most men are familiar with such of their cobbler's photos. First among the "snaps" is that of Mum. She is usually seen sitting under a tree in the back garden, with some of the family grouped about her.

She mostly has a smile and greying hair. That picture goes with the roughest and toughest. Strange that Dad so rarely appears in the collection. Probably the old man just can't be brought to face the camera.

There is always a girl on a beach or a lass in the smartest frock. Some wallets hold several assorted heart-throbs, some have none at all. These, instead, have for a pin-up or dream picture perhaps the soldier's prize stud Hereford or his Show merino. Or it may be his beloved setter, or a view of his favorite river paddock.

Heartbreaks and marriages have lessened the bulk in some wallets. The remainder of an average collection will include a well-remembered black-eyed Arab boy, the first gun fired in action (probably labelled "Kate," or "Pelican," or "Waiting Lily"), possibly the Digger himself, as a nipper in sailor suit, and a couple of shots of his sisters' kids.

Of personal articles of clothing, the veteran's pack has not a single article. He carries only the least amount permissible of Army issue.

A dictionary goes into most packs. An atlas may go now, or even a book of crosswords. This old pastime is popular at present. Maybe a textbook and a notebook, not as a diary, but to jot down odd happenings to be used in letters home.

This time many an old soldier will pack a few small files, hacksaw blades, and even a tin of metal polish, so much an established part of Army life has souvenir-making become.

And so you see it is not so easy to "pack up your troubles and smile, smile, smile."



A WALLET of photographs is always included in the soldier's personal possessions.

At Right: PACKING-UP. This soldier has discarded all but essentials. At first when soldiers went abroad they took unnecessary items.



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WITH AN AIRMAN



DON'T gush with praise over your airman. He belongs to a service world-famous for reserve and any extravagant hero-worship is just embarrassing.

DO remember his life is a tense one, so help him forget the combat area. Note that in any sortie with an airman a sweet soft complexion is the prelude to a wedding licence. Erasmic Cold Cream gives you a skin you can trust through any crisis. It prevents clogged pores, smooths away the little "dry" lines.



DON'T call airmen "blue orchids." To them it's a far from complimentary term and you bet they hate it.



DO give them their proper title and concentrate the limelight on yourself by turning up for your date looking sweet and knowing it. Follow your normal Erasmic routine with a touch of Erasmic Powder. It clings through dances, through party games and good-night kisses. And its fragrance is guaranteed to win you a fighter escort in no time at all.



DON'T address a letter to your airman using his new rank until you're sure it's been gazetted. You may know he's in for promotion, but if it's news to the mess, how they'll rag him!

DO follow his instructions minutely about correspondence. And improve the golden moments by using Erasmic Vanishing Cream daily until you can celebrate with "him." That's the way to smooth away little roughnesses and give your complexion the glorious finish that will win congratulations for you as well as him.



1/2 each

E.38.24



The men who made Spitfire Engines

Since the outbreak of war, thousands of Britain's peace-time automobile engineers have collaborated to increase the output of the famous Merlin aero-engine, a product of the British Motor Industry both in design and development. The technicians who have added this experience to their acknowledged skill as precision craftsmen are the men who will figure largely in the production of the fine cars and tough trucks Britain will eventually send overseas.



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of Eczema. Give BARKO
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*New Fabrics and Textures
in Knitted Outerwear of*

WOOL

The Knitted Outerwear Manufacturers of Australia have made their plans for peace . . . devising fabrics, patterns and textures that open up exciting new vistas of frocks, suits and jackets of Wool. Some of the delightful new things they have created are available today . . . others must be reserved until such time as they can be released when they will make Knitted Outerwear of Wool more than ever a "must" in every smart woman's wardrobe.



INSERTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BOARD

BIG BEN CHIMES FOR VICTORY

AMID the excitement, unrestrained weeping, and wild rejoicing of the people of Britain, the chimes of Big Ben, and the ringing of church bells, there is to-day a deeper note of thankfulness that the titanic struggle has ended.

World War Two and all that it has meant in hardship, horrors and heartbreaks has touched the people at home as well as the fighting men abroad, giving everyone a sterner realisation of what war and peace mean, not only to the nation but to individuals.

This is not a hysterical flag-waving peace brought about by armies that went to battle and returned triumphant with the spoils of the victors.

This is a peace that the long years of toil and bloodshed have made possible. A peace that we've won because of the tightening of our belts as well as showing high courage in action, a peace accomplished because the ordinary people made the maximum sacrifices and serving men performed magnificent deeds.

This is a peace which everyone must make a lasting memorial to those who have died to help win it.

It seems a thousand years — not five and a half — since that Sunday morning when Hitler's time to reply to our Note expired.

With Londoners I stood tense and rather terrified, to hear Chamberlain, heavy with weariness and disillusion, say, "A state of war exists," and a few minutes later the first sirens sent us scurrying to our shelters.

I wonder now where are the many people with whom I took shelter that morning?

The newly trained wardens earnestly shepherding their flock under the huge printing presses of the Daily Express; the war reserve policeman bicycling up Fleet Street with a hastily scrawled note on a blackboard, "Take Cover"; the girl in the gasproof suit who begged me to take off my skirt and dip it in water to be ready for our first gas attack.

They trained and grew by experience into the finest civil defence force existing, and by succoring the civilian population they proved that enemy bombing could not put Britain out of the war.

Deep note of thankfulness in England's rejoicing

By ANNE MATHESON

who has worked in London throughout the war

Calm, cheerful, and courageous, these people took the first impact of war in exactly the same way as they were to take thousands of tons of bombs and high explosives.

The long years of war have been hard for every one of us, but how rich to-day are our memories!

How high are our hopes that what we have won we will keep; how great is the debt we owe to those who made final victory possible!

Running through my mind are all the promises made during the long years of war that the fruits of victory would not be thrown away.

To my brother who first went to Spain to strike a blow against Fascism; then, joining the Air Force at the time of Munich, gave his life just after Dunkirk.

To Molly Fisher, of Melbourne, who lost her husband when the gallant Rawalpindi was sunk, and she, joining an ambulance unit to serve in Greece, was killed by a sneak raider the night before sailing.

To Norman Mulholland, a Wing-Commander, of Manly, N.S.W., who, after crashing in a plane and overcoming fearful physical disabilities, went on to command the first Australian bomber squadron in Britain, but was killed when going out to a base in the Middle East.

And so to the host of others who looked to us who survived to keep faith.

I recall all the sad, grief-stricken hours we have spent as we mourned our losses, and the compensating hours of joy when we acclaimed victories and the return of loved ones.

All the gay, mad, merry-making hours of leave spent in a whirl of fun and excitement, the partings and the suffering that at times seemed almost beyond human endurance.

ance, all the boredom, and long, long hours of darkness—all these to-day melt away.

We are emerging from a world of war and wanton destruction, and the years now are something to forget, but not to be forgotten.

Every person who rejoices to-day is to me a symbol of hope that the years to come will be as rich in practical accomplishment of our ideals as the years of war were rich with promises.

In front of us stand the homes, cities, and factories we must rebuild from the shambles of bombing; the children, who have never known their fathers, to be cared for.

In Europe are the starving towns, long deadened under the horrors of Nazi occupation, to bring back to life.

If we live up to our high ideals then all our sacrifices will not have been in vain.

I am thinking now of the day I met a dazed, unshaven soldier at Grantham railway junction. He told me he had come out of Dunkirk.

His stained, sweaty battle-dress was scorched, he wore a battered

His finest hour . . . Britain's great war-time leader rejoices with his people.



tin helmet, and his sufferings were heavily marked on his boyish face.

But the news was sweet music in my ears, for we had had little hope that the three-quarter million men caught in France would get out.

I remember our feverish putting up of defences, the wave of emotion that swept over us as peaceful parks and squares were wired and barricaded.

And then Churchill rallying us in our darkest hour: "We are fighting by ourselves alone, but we are not fighting for ourselves alone."

But that is all behind us now. Big Ben chimes out a reassuring note above the crowds surging through Whitehall.

Past the Cenotaph commemorating the dead of World War I they flow into Downing Street, gathering before Number Ten, which Britishers traditionally besiege in times of crises and times of rejoicing.

In all our disasters, all our triumphs, Churchill's leadership has been a rallying point and now the crowds gather to cheer him.

Among the throngs are men wearing the paratroopers' red berets, men wearing the Africa Star, men of the Royal and Merchant Navies, and the boys of the American Forces.

The grey-blue of the R.A.F. and dark blue of the R.A.A.F. remind us of the part the Air Force played when above these very streets they shot the invading Huns from the skies.

With them are citizens who stood firm, and took the bombing, put out the fires, and helped the stricken.

Away across St. James' Park other crowds surge before Buckingham Palace to cheer the King and Queen, who remained in London throughout its darkest days.

An occasional slouch hat of the Australian soldiers repatriated from Germany reminds us that boys from every part of the Empire will come home from the prison camps of Germany.

And thousands of other boys are fighting an equally grim struggle in the Pacific and Far East against an enemy which has yet to feel the full weight of defeat.

Shabby, undaunted

TO-DAY everyone about me looks shabby, as does this old city, which hasn't had a coat of paint for six years.

Houses, with their shrapnel-pocked walls, their boarded-up windows, tell the same story as the shabby clothes of the crowds.

It is four years since clothes rationing reduced us all to a minimum.

The down-at-heel look, which in a spirit of patriotism we all wear, has done its bit to win the war.

British women mobilised to the lathes, gunsties, and airfields put away all thoughts of elegant fashion, preserving only their femininity and their right to live as free women.

And now they and their menfolk have won this right, and are having their hour of triumphant celebration, returning to the tasks of rebuilding the ravages of five and a half years of devastating war, and creating that new world which all those around us hope and believe will emerge from this chaos.

There is no spirit of mafficking in this rejoicing, for the war has left a deeper appreciation of what peace really means.

WORTH Reporting

WHEN the Duchess of Kent took her children—Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra—to Iwer Church, Buckinghamshire, for the wedding of Rita Fox (one of the Duchess' Land Girls for four years), the whole village turned out en fete.

Prince and Princess were first to throw wedding showers of dried rose leaves from the Duchess' own garden over the young couple.

At the reception at the Parsonage farm home of the bridegroom, the Duchess and her children toasted the newlyweds. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Saunders, in home-made Buckinghamshire cider.

Thrice wed in year

IN the past two years the Marriage Guidance Council in Mayfair, London, has solved thousands of problems for young couples, and mended hundreds of marriages.

Knottiest problem the Council has handled concerned young woman who wondered if she should marry three times in one year.

She had two great friends in R.A.F., and married one of them, who crashed nine days later.

In dreary weeks following, her other friend consoled her, eventually married her, only to die in an accident a few days after wedding.

Soon afterwards, an old school friend arrived unexpectedly from abroad, and wanted to marry her.

"Would it be right to take the risk again?"

The council advised young widow to marry again.

WEATHER REPORT

"For the first time since the war it is possible to say what weather we are having, while we're having it."—B.B.C. announcer on VE-Day.

Is it foggy in the Channel or on land?

Are they carrying umbrellas in the Strand?

Blows the wind from east or west.

Is the day by sunlight, blest?

Is Hampstead Heath by summer breezes fanned?

Does the forecast say it's going to rain or shine?

Are there bathers basking by the Serpentine?

Can you see the cliffs of Dover from Calais, now it's over?

Comes the answer from Great Britain, "Why, it's fine!"

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Something about sailors

THE British sailor's uniform hasn't always been the trim and manly garb it is to-day, according to R. Laurie White in an article in "Our Australian Navy."

Chaucer describes a sailor of his time (14th century) as "all in a gowne falding to the knee." Up till 1820 this same petticoat was worn at sea to protect the clothes of men working aloft or in the boats.

In 1840 the captain of the Vernon favored red serge frocks and comforters, and in 1845 the captain of the Blazer declared for striped blue-and-white jackets—known ever since as "blazers."

Two angles

IN a London paper the other day there were two advertisements almost side by side. "Situation vacant" was for a mother's help. "Generous outings, no washing, no window cleaning. Care of four children. Own bedroom. Old-world cottage in country district on bus route. Very pleasant life for suitable person. £1 sterling weekly." "Situation wanted" was from a lady wishing to become housekeeper to a single gentleman or business lady out all day. "Modern, easily run house, help with the rough work, no cooking, Sundays and every Wednesday to be full day's holiday. Salary £3/10/- weekly."

HAVE you heard about the man who bought a house ready to erect? He wasn't satisfied when it was up, called in the salesman, who said: "But you've got the darned thing upside down."

"Ah," said the purchaser, "no wonder I keep falling off the front verandah."

Waiting for the bells

MRS. A. LYMATH, of Granville, N.S.W., whose son, P/Sgt. Leonard Lymath, is with the R.A.F. in England, hopes to compare notes with him soon on victory celebrations.

An Englishwoman, who with her English husband came to Australia after the last war, Mrs. Lymath was living in Acton ("a penny on the tram from Shepherd's Bush") when, on the morning of November 11, 1918, news went round that should the armistice be signed, the bells of the church on the hill would ring.

"There was absolute silence as the hands of the clock went round to eleven," she said. "All eyes were turned to the steeple. Then the bells rang out. People went mad, running up and down the street, cheering, and embracing each other."

Both Mrs. Lymath's husband and her brother were still in France, and she, for three years, had worked in a munitions factory in Middlesex, where the effect of T.N.T. on the girls' skin and clothes earned them the nickname of "canaries."

Her mother, who died last year, left her a three-storied house at Acton. It was demolished by a V-bomb last August, and all that was left in the wreckage was a portrait of her mother.

FROM a well-known cattleman's wife, down shopping in the city recently: "I've just bought four bulis. Darned sight easier than it is trying to get a corset."

Grass widower

OUR Acting Prime Minister and Treasurer, Ben Chifley, is a grass widower at Canberra.

Mrs. Chifley stays on in the comfortable brick home in Busby Street, Bathurst, N.S.W., where she went to live on her wedding day 30 years ago.

Most of her time is devoted to her aged mother, who is bedridden.

Cards are her favorite relaxation. Her husband says she loves cards—any kind of game.

Travelled patches

MRS. COOKE, of Surrey, is an ardent worker for the W.V.S.—Women's Voluntary Service—which is paid nothing for doing all the jobs that no one else will do.

Among her friends she collected scraps of fabric, anything from their rag-bags—tiny pieces of silk, velvet, cotton, tweed, and flannel.

These she sent to a friend in Canada, whose great hobby is patchwork.

One day Mrs. Cooke and some of her W.V.S. colleagues were invited to London to inspect the King George and Queen Elizabeth Club for servicemen from overseas.

In the first bedroom they were shown Mrs. Cooke spluttered with excitement.

Four of the beds were covered with quilts made by Canadian women from the pieces she had sent from her Surrey village.

EDITORIAL

MAY 19, 1945

AUSTRALIA STILL HAS BIG TASK

THE war in Europe is over.

Amid the toil, sweat, and tears that Winston Churchill predicted in Britain's darkest hour, it has risen to its terrible, triumphant climax.

The guns are silent.

Bombs no longer crash down on simple people's homes.

A sudden eerie stillness has followed the roar of bombardment and ruin.

Europe's agony has been so great that the full significance of this silence is hard to grasp at once.

The relief is too overwhelming, too immense.

At a stroke the Nazi beast which dragged Europe down from civilised behaviour into the savagery of a new dark age has subsided into the dust.

The torture chambers, the horrible places where millions of innocent people were slaughtered, are closed.

The survivors of the holocaust can turn their thoughts once more to building a new and better world.

They can bear and rear children without the aching dread that enemy guns or bombs might any day reduce their beloved ones to a splash of blood and flesh against the wall.

Millions of refugees will go streaming back to their homes—or to the places where their homes once were.

Parents will be reunited with children they have lost sight of for years; husbands with wives; friends with friends.

People in England are at last free from the nervous tension of knowing that at any moment a V-bomb may come with deadly silence out of the sky.

But, great as the rejoicing has been, Australians have not been able to give up their whole hearts to it.

They realise keenly that triumph in Europe is only a stage on the hard road of warfare against Japan.

Anxiety hangs heavily over the homes of those whose loved ones are fighting, and over the homes of people whose relatives and friends are prisoners in Japanese hands.

With the arrival of vast military, naval, and air forces in the Pacific zone, pressure on Australia's economic system will become more and more severe.

Essential goods will continue in short, and even shorter, supply.

Housewives must still cope with the problems of rationing.

Manpower must still be diverted to war industries instead of replacing things that used to make for the comfort and smooth running of everyday life.

The real, fundamental, heartfelt rejoicing will take place only when the Japanese have been finally disposed of and Australia can turn to peacetime reconstruction.

2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO 2GB
HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK

SUNDAY

"a spot of musical comedy"

Special selections from your favourite musical comedies. 9 p.m.

MONDAY

"LEAVE PASS"

With quizmaster Jack Davey. 8 p.m.
Also LASTING LOVELINESS
Terry Howard with Denis Collinson. 8.30.

TUESDAY

"RADIO STAGE"

Half-hour dramatic entertainments for daytime listeners. 1 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY

"Good Neighbours"

Phil Furley and Judy Willing with hints and tips for housewives. 1 o'clock.

THURSDAY

"Library of the Air"
"ANNA KARENINA"

Count Leo Tolstoy's immortal novel, starring Lyndall Harbour and John Saul. 8.00 p.m.

FRIDAY

"YOUTH SPEAKS"

Youth of the day discussing questions of the day. 7.30 p.m.

SATURDAY

"HILL-BILLY ROUND-UP"

Popular Hill-billy Music. 9.30 p.m.

2GB

THE NATION'S STATION

Key Station of the Macquarie Network

2GB

May 19, 1945

The Australian Women's Weekly

19

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

PEOPLE born under the signs Capricorn, Virgo, and Taurus should experience more good fortune than most at this time, although many Cancerians, Pisceans, and Arians will find their affairs pleasing, too.

However, the present is not favorable to all Scorpions, some of whom may experience losses, partings, opposition, disappointments, upsets and enforced changes.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 15, 19, and 22 very poor; May 18 very fortunate. Use constructively.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Speed important projects now. May 16 very fair; May 19 (after 3 p.m.) good; May 20 can be excellent; as usual fairly. May 21 (except 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.) very good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Some good news soon. Meanwhile, May 18 (near sunset) can be helpful. Plan ahead.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): May 15 can be difficult; May 16 helpful, but otherwise poor; May 19 fair; May 20 (night) good; May 22 (9 a.m. to 11 a.m.) poor, but sunrise and sunset fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Be wary for difficulties, discord, misunderstandings, and delays are likely, especially on May 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20. Routine tasks advised.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Keep busy now. Conditions favor new ventures, changes, and promotions, especially on May 20, which can be excellent; May 16 (dusk); May 18 (to sunset); and May 21 (after 3 p.m.) good.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): May 15 and 16 poor; May 18 (to 8 a.m. and near sunset) good; May 20 (evening hours) fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Live quietly and avoid losses, partings, and misunderstandings, especially on May 15, 16, 18, and 22.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Difficult as usual now, so complete important matters now. May 17 (midday) fair; May 18 (to 8 a.m. and 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.) good; rest of week tricky.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 23): High urgent and important matters now. May 20 can be excellent; May 18 (evening); and May 21 (excepting 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.) very good; May 15, 16, and 22 poor.

AQUARIUS (January 24 to February 19): Beware of difficulties, worries, and delays now, especially on May 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20. May 22 begins a better period, so plan ahead.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): May 16, 17, and 18 (to 8 a.m.) all slightly helpful, but May 22 poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

**** Till We Meet Again.** Paramount have used a religious theme to lift this drama from the everyday run of adventure-romance films. Set in France, and revolving round the underground movement, the heroine, Barbara Britton, is a novice nun, and Ray Milland, American flier and dashing hero, is happily married. Newcomer Barbara Britton looks suitably ethereal, and Ray Milland does his best in a difficult role. Direction is smooth and sensitive, and supporting cast is grand.—Capitol; showing.

*** Yellow Rose of Texas.** Republic's handsomely produced film should be popular with all Western fans. It has excitement, action, and songs by the Sons of the Pioneers—what more could you want? Roy Rogers, popular cowboy star, is a secret investigator, and manages to be quite convincing. Dale Evans makes an attractive heroine. The supporting cast is competent.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

*** Sweet and Lowdown.** This Fox offering is strictly for swing fans. The story revolves round Benny Goodman and his band, and the efforts of a young trombonist to make good. Lynn Bari as a singer with the band and Linda Darnell as a socialite are decorative. Plot is extremely shaky, but Goodman's music is easy to listen to.—Civic; showing.



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key, isle of "walking dead," by **BARON KORD:** Who wants to marry Narda. He puts her in the Kordie Corral to subdue her. She is reassured by Kord's sister,

TRINA: Who says Kordies are harmless. Trina also helps Mandrake and Lothar, whom Kord has imprisoned without water, intending to turn them into Kordies by giving them a liquid to drink. Trina lowers real water into the cell and says they must pretend to be Kordies to escape. **NOW READ ON:**



WHETHER THEY ARE LIVING OR DEAD, I DO NOT KNOW. THEY CANNOT FEEL--THEY NEVER SEEM TO SLEEP. THEY ARE HARMLESS--BUT HELPLESS.



I MUST GO NOW. THAT "WATER" MY BROTHER LEFT YOU WAS INTENDED TO MAKE KORDIES OUT OF YOU. YOU MUST PRETEND--



IT'S TIME TO TAKE NARDA OUT OF THE CORRAL. IF I LEAVE HER IN THERE ALL NIGHT--SHE'LL GO MAD--



THIS HAS BEEN A LESSON FOR YOU THAT YOU WON'T FORGET! IF YOU DISOBEY ME AGAIN--BACK YOU COME--WELL, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW!



I DON'T KNOW THAT I WANT TO LEAVE--I'VE ENJOYED MY VISIT HERE--ON SECOND THOUGHT, I COULD USE A HOT BATH--



I FIND THE KORDIES MUCH BETTER COMPANY THAN YOU!



TRINA, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

OUT FOR SOME AIR. DO YOU MIND?



STAY WITH NARDA. SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T SLIP AWAY AGAIN. IF SHE DOES--YOU WILL TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!



WHAT A GIRL NARDA IS! THE KORDIES DIDN'T FRIGHTEN HER AT ALL! WHAT FIRE--WHAT BEAUTY! A FIT BARONESS FOR KORD KEY!



OH--TRINA--IT WAS HORRIBLE--IN THAT PLACE--



HAVE A GOOD CRY, DEAR. IT'S ALL OVER--AND I THINK THINGS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN SOON ON KORD KEY!



BY THIS TIME, MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR HAVE QUENCHED THEIR THIRST WITH THE "WATER" WE GAVE THEM--AND HAVE BECOME KORDIES! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!



WHAT US GOING DO?



WE'LL HAVE TO PRETEND TO BE KORDIES. REMEMBER HOW TRINA EXPLAINED THEM? THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE. NOW--QUIET--



TO BE CONTINUED

Peace was won by millions of men like these



RUSSIA Soviet signalers operating a field telephone station in the offensive which swept the Russian Army on to Berlin.



U.S. American infantry needed their spare socks in day after day of marching.



BRITAIN On the Western front and in Italy tank crew men like this lance corporal front gunner are looking forward to home leave after years of overseas service.



CANADA After a two-day mine-clearing patrol in flooded areas Canadian engineers warm up round a fire of sand and low-grade German petrol, on the Western front.



FRANCE Young Frenchmen, most of whom helped to liberate their own country, carried on the fight as the Allies swept on to Germany and overwhelming victory.

British women hope for happy reunions now guns silent in Europe

To-day millions of women in Britain give thanks for the easing of the heartaches and the loneliness they endured through long years of war.

Anne Matheson has interviewed some of them. The women who have told their stories to her give a cross-section of all the women in Britain who have found in the joy of victory new courage and hope.

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff.

TO the women of Britain the burden of fighting on the Home Front has been an enormous emotional and physical strain — at times almost beyond endurance.

The dreary round of queue shopping, the fatigue of fire-watching, the strain of war jobs, as well as running homes have given them a true appreciation of all that peace promises.

I have just been talking to a sweet, gentle, middle-aged woman who has lived for nearly six years in the shadow of Woolwich Arsenal, where her husband has a very important job.

She is Mrs. G. Parly, whose son, married to an Australian girl, is an engineer on war work in Sydney.

Mrs. Parly could have evacuated, yet she remained throughout the blitzes, even when bombs shattered her home. She moved down to the basement where she is living now.

Yet she dismissed all this as "nothing."

Instead she talked of how peace will wipe out all the hardships and suffering she has undergone.

"Peace means not only relaxing after the strain of living right on a military objective," she said. "It means a return, I hope, to quiet life."

"At last my husband can have a holiday. He hasn't had one day off since the war began."

"For most of us living round the arsenal, peace means that we can move out of basements, patch up our homes, have the windows mended, the carpets repaired, and in fact live like human beings again."

Three times all the windows of the house were blown out. Twice Mr. Parly put in new glass. The third time he decided to wait until after the war.

Sitting in the basement through raids Mrs. Parly sewed thousands of small scraps of material together to make a beautiful patchwork quilt for her new grandson and a dirdol for her daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Elisabeth Austrer, a young war bride whom I have known for four years, was wildly excited at the news of peace, for she had had a three-day honeymoon when her husband went off to the Middle East and then with the Army to Italy.

There was typical of English wartime weddings, except, perhaps, that Elisabeth wore bridal white.

She was a radiant blonde bride as she walked up the aisle, but halfway through the ceremony she was covered in dust and dirt from bomb-blast, for the church was hit.

However, no one was hurt, and they went on to the reception, where they were bombed again. Raids continued during their honeymoon. Then after three days John's leave was cancelled, and, under secret orders, he sailed away.

Only beginning

ELISABETH went on with her career, and now she is managing a well-established Bond Street jeweller's.

She said: "Peace won't mean an immediate settling down for me. I will wait until John finds his feet." Elisabeth thinks that her first duty is to her husband. That's the way most of the war brides feel.

Getting their husbands home is only the beginning. They want to help them settle back into jobs or find new ones or get their businesses started.

There is a little newly formed club of wives in London. They are a group whose husbands are prisoners of war, and they are saving up for a big reunion party.

The husbands of some are in Japanese hands, but they feel that with the collapse of Germany the day is not too far distant when the Pacific war will end, too.

Among them is Mrs. Edward Bart, whose husband doesn't know he has a charming daughter Sheila, for he is a prisoner in Japanese hands. Sydney Bart is in Thailand, and his wife has had only one card, saying he is well.

"Though it is a great comfort to know that so many people will



ANNE MATHESON of our London staff.

now be "out of the war," she said, "I can't start to think of the future till the Japanese have been crushed, too."

"When that day comes life will begin again for me."

Thirteen-year-old Joan Wheeler has a sad responsibility with peace, for her mother was killed by a flying-bomb.

Peace for Joan means that she will take over the new house and look after her father and her little brothers.

"I'm glad Mummy taught me to cook," Joan said. "I want to make a home for Daddy as nice as I can to help make up."

Mothers in factories said almost with one voice: "Now we can stay home and look after our children."

British women have won laurels in many fields, but nowhere have they played a more distinguished and courageous part than in factories.

"I think the Government has done a wonderful job looking after our kids, but it's part of the fun of having a family to bring them up yourself," said Mrs. Ethel O'Connor, a factory worker.

To Mrs. Annie Whitehead, who has no children of her own and took ten children with her to South Devon away from the bombs, peace will perhaps be rather lonely.

"I don't know how I am going to live without the children," she said.

"But there must be some children, war orphans, who will want permanent homes, so perhaps I won't be alone after all."

THEY'RE ALL WEARING VE-DAY SMILES



BRITISH NAVAL NURSE, Sister M. West, here till end of Pacific war, says European victory will speed her return to her home in Buckinghamshire.



DRINKING A TOAST TO PEACE are (from left) Sgt. J. Youngmans (U.S.A.), Lieut. Van Zijderveldt (Holland), Lieut. P. Dumas (France), Capt. E. Schuurman (Holland) in a Sydney canteen.



EX-TOBRUK RAT, Ray Stringfellow, now discharged, said: "The British chaps we knew in the desert will be glad to get home again."



BRITISH SERVICEMEN talked of their civilian jobs. (At back): Jock Molloy, Scots baker; Eric Chivers, London clerk. (Front): C. Weightman, Liverpool accountant; R. Jenkins, Welsh clerk.



VOLUNTARY WORKER, Mrs. M. McGrath (right), knows her son, F/Sgt. B. McGrath, will now soon return from England after service with R.A.F.



THUMBS UP for victory from A/B. E. George, former member of a Land's End lifeboat crew. "Hope Pacific war won't be long now," he says.



SPUD-PEELING party of British sailors in Australia throw potatoes into the air when Master-at-Arms Horace Winter, of Hampshire, tells them that VE-Day has arrived.



PEACE MEANS a family reunion for these two English girls, Noreen (left) and Sheila Smith, who were evacuated to Australia nearly five years ago during the blitz.

"*Mme. Rubinstein,
I, too, have a beauty problem...*"

Many of the women who write to Helena Rubinstein have a special skin problem. Of these various "problem skins" here are three that are most prevalent to-day. If yours is among them begin now to care for your skin with the Helena Rubinstein Treatment specially designed to keep you at your loveliest.



"My skin seems dull, colorless..."

Mother with little time for herself

PASTEURISED FACE CREAM Special: A special blend of rich emollients, to soothe and soften; made expressly for very dry skins—from 6/6.

SEMI-LIQUID CLEANSER: To cleanse and smooth away lines of fatigue. Leaves skin clear and refreshed—5/3.



"My skin is normal now, but..."

Young Bride eager to be lovely

PASTEURISED FACE CREAM: An all-purpose cream to keep your skin soft and young looking—from 3/7.

BEAUTY FOUNDATION: To keep your Beauty fresh and immaculate. Preserves skin moisture—from 4/2.



"My skin is oily — with some blackheads"

Teen-ager seeking dates and parties

BLACKHEAD AND OPEN-PORE PASTE SOAP: Thoroughly cleansing, goes deep after dirt and blackheads. Leaves skin clean and clear—3/6.

APPLE BLOSSOM Spotlight FOUNDATION: Conceals skin blemishes. Gives flattering matt finish—from 7/7.

To make your Beauty intense—use Helena Rubinstein's Moisture-proof Face Powder — 6/6. Creme Rouge — 6/6, and one of the Famous Helena Rubinstein's Lipsticks—7/11.

Available from Leading Stores and Chemists throughout Australia, or

Helena Rubinstein

82 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY
LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS

Animal Antics



"What, you again?"

Health discussed on radio

A novel educational series entitled "Here's Health" will begin from station 2GB on June 1 at 9.15 p.m.

It is a series of quarter-hour presentations dealing with general health and common ailments.

The feature is not merely health talks, but dramatizations which should do much to spread a wider knowledge of common ailments.

Already several of these programmes have been recorded and were presented at an audition some weeks ago to representatives from the B.M.A., the Health Department, and the Education Department.

These representatives all endorsed the general idea of the session, and offered several valuable suggestions for improvements which have now been incorporated in the programmes.

In each presentation some ailment such as the common cold, indigestion, or rheumatism is selected, and the effect of the complaint on an individual is dramatized.

Afterwards details are given of how the ailment could have been treated, and what steps should be taken by anyone in a similar condition.

All information has been carefully checked to ensure that it is authentic, and the sessions will undoubtedly be valuable in assisting with the health education of the public.

Material is also being prepared dealing with epidemics, and this is held in reserve for broadcast at an appropriate time.

Thus, should an epidemic begin, or be likely to begin, these broadcasts could assist in preventing the spread, since people will learn what precautions to take.

These features will also be broadcast over 52 other Australian commercial stations.

An excellent team of radio artists has been signed up, and the producer will be Laurence H. Cecil.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 16: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 17 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, May 18: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, May 19: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competitions, "Melody Fairsomeness."

SUNDAY, May 20 (4.15-5.30): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, May 21: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from the Services."

TUESDAY, May 22: "Music From Other Lands."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Fashion PATTERNS



F2596



F6957

F2596. — New, smarter box-coat. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds., 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6957. — Beautifully styled up-to-the-minute double-breasted coat. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 54in. wide; 2yd. 36in. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F859. — Smart cocktail or special occasion suit. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. and 2yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F7545. — Charming trousseau set. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. for nightgown, 2yds. for slip, 1yds. for scanties, 36in. wide, and 8yds. 2in. wide lace. Pattern, 2/7.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

When ordering please give bust, hip, length measurements. Also give second color choice for "PAULINE." Be sure to include coupons.



"PAULINE"

Maternity frock and jacket

This smart maternity ensemble has been fashioned in a warm, lightweight, spun rayon staple fibre in attractive shades of glory-grey, rose-pink, forest-green, brick-red, mustard-gold, and saxe-blue.

Note buttoned bodice, heart-shaped neckline, small yoke trimmed with dainty self-material bow. Skirt is cut on box lines. This means it hangs very straight. Belt coming from side-seams is adjustable. Straphi-hanging jacket to match is hip length.

Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, £4/4/- (23 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £4/10/6 (23 coupons). Postage, 2/3 extra. Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, £2/19/6 (23 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £3/2/6 (23 coupons). Postage, 2/3 extra.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:
Box 108A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4008W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 128C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
PATTERNS MAY BE CALLED FOR OR OBTAINED BY POST.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 601. CHILD'S HANDBAG AND GLOVES

This snappy handbag and glove set is available ready to make in a good quality felt, with motif ready to be embroidered in bright wools or silks. The bag is a neat pouch design, with longish handle, turned-over flap. Gloves in sizes to fit 4 to 8 years are of the gauntlet type, with embroidery trimming the top. Shades available are blue, fawn, and red. Please make a second choice when ordering. Complete set, 5/2. Postage, 3/4d. extra. No coupons required.

No. 602. INFANT'S PETTICOAT

This comes to you with pattern traced clearly on a warm material specially made for infants' wear named "Gloelia twill." In white, pink, or blue. Front bodice carries embroidery motif.

Infants, 6/1 (4 coupons); 1 to 2 years, 8/3 (4 coupons). Postage, 3/4d. extra.

No. 603. INFANT'S FROCK

This is also a ready-to-make. Pattern is traced clearly on to the same material as the little petticoat. Note tucked shoulders, embroidered neckline, and long, warm sleeves.

Infants, 6/9 (4 coupons); 1 to 2 years, 7/1 (4 coupons). Postage, 3/4d. extra.



F7545

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VICTORY CELEBRATION. Squadron-Leader Jack Cramer Roberts, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. Cramer Roberts celebrate VE-Day with champagne at Prince's. Jack's one-day leave corresponds with Victory night, and couple toast "absent friends," including Jack's family who live in England.



OPENING OF BRITISH NAVY CLUB. Surgeon-Commander Lambert Rogers, Lady Walder, Mr. Makin, and Admiral of the British Fleet Sir Bruce Fraser toast VE-Day at opening of British Navy Club, Phillip Street. Club will be open to all R.N. and R.A.N. servicemen.

On and Off Duty.

Official opening of British Navy Club on day of German surrender particularly well timed. R.N. bigwigs and ratings—to whom VE-Day means probably more than to anyone else in Australia—all joined unrestrainedly in celebration.

One jaunty marine said, "I'm not a war casualty—just a peace casualty. I've been celebrating peace for a week!"

Having had my ear glued to the radio news sessions for days, find that, after all, I missed actual surrender announcement. When I awoke I read news in morning papers, and am relieved to hear that same thing happens to many others.

Because of lateness of hour, lots of night-club patrons had left before they heard the news, but at Prince's a few hardy country visitors remained to swirl round the dance floor in a gay Victory caper before "God Save the King" was played.

However, most Australians take news calmly—just taking a peek at their cherished bottle of wine, putting it away among the cobwebs till VE-Day is announced and all our "blokes" come home.



LUNCH FOR TWO. Just back from their honeymoon, Lieut. Charles Stephens, A.I.F., and Mrs. Stephens, formerly June Kirkwood, lunch at Romano's. June and Charles were married recently at St. Anne's Shrine, Bondi.



NEW BRITISH CENTRE. Mrs. A. L. Spooner (centre), wife of the hon. secretary of the British Centre, with her two daughters, Ailsa (left) and June, look over the new British Centre being erected in Hyde Park. Centre will be in occupation by end of this month and official opening is scheduled for June.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Pilot-Officer Gordon Croxson, R.A.A.F., of Carinya, Quirindi, and his bride, formerly Marian Shelley, at their reception at the Pickwick Club with attendants Robert Newcombe (left), Mrs. Ron Shelley, Pilot-Officer Paul Christenson, and J.H. Howell. Couple honeymoon at Jenolan Caves, then Quirindi.

ROUND of shopping for Mrs. Aubrey Abbott, wife of Administrator of Northern Territory, when she comes to Sydney for first long visit for eight years. Mrs. Abbott's address is The Residency, Alice Springs, and on her way through to Sydney she renewed many old acquaintances with friends in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Canberra. Bubbly over with excitement when I spoke to her, Mrs. Abbott had just received cabled news from her daughter, Mrs. Richard Kellett, formerly Dorothy Abbott, that her much-decorated husband, Group-Captain Richard Kellett, R.A.F., had been liberated from a German prison camp, and was on his way to England—expected to arrive in time for VE-Day. Mrs. Abbott's other daughter, Mrs. Colin Bednall, has just moved into a new home in Oatley St., London.

HOPING for VE-Day are A/B. Colin Herbert, R.A.N., and attractive fiancée, Joan McKillop, as they plan to wait until final victory before getting married. Joan is only daughter of Mr. J. D. McKillop, of Hawthorn, and late Mrs. McKillop, and Colin is elder son of Engineer-Commander D. B. Herbert and Mrs. Herbert, of Green Gables, Shirley West, South Australia, formerly of Sydney. Announcement is made when Joan pays fleeting visit to Adelaide to visit Colin's parents.

BELIEVE Lady Wakehurst is having her portrait painted by Bill Dobell before she leaves for England.

R.A.A.F. wings, woven from silver and blue thread, mounted on silver, are being worn by Joy Carrodus. Gift is sent from India by Flying-Officer Harry Plant, R.A.A.F., son of Major-General E. C. P. Plant and Mrs. Plant, of Sydney.



SERVICEWOMEN'S FAREWELL. Officers of all Australian Women's Services say "good-bye" to Lady Wakehurst at party at Oak Lodge, Woollahra. On stairs, Mrs. Aileen Lynch (Land Army), left, First-Officer Blair Bowden, W.R.A.N.S.; Matron Mabel Rue, R.A.N.N.S.; Matron K. Doherty, R.A.A.F. Nursing Service; Major Margaret Berry, A.W.A.S. Second row: Wing-Officer Leonora Tipping, W.A.A.F.; Squadron-Officer Pat Bower, W.A.A.F.; Lieut.-Col. Constance Fall, Lady Wakehurst, Major Joyce Snelling, A.A.M.W.S.; Major Millicent Aspinall, A.W.A.S.



DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. Ross Williams and his bride, formerly Myee Draper, of Harris Park, Parkes, with their attendants, Dr. James O'Keefe (left), Elizabeth Williams, Mrs. Mervyn Davis, of Parkes, Private David Williams, A.I.F., leaving St. Jude's Church, Randwick.

FEW days in Sydney for Commander Anthony Miers, V.C., D.S.O. and bar, R.N., and his charming Wran wife, formerly Driver Patricia Miller. Couple stay at Australia, and Anthony introduces Patricia to all his Sydney friends. Last day in Sydney is spent roaming round our lovely Zoo.

ADELAIDE visit for Lady Keith Smith, who stays with Mrs. Sidney Ayers, at Millwood. Lots of parties planned for her during her stay there.

COUNTRY interest when Mary Daneman announces her engagement to Lieut. Trevor Jack, A.I.F., at party at Wentworth Hotel. Mary is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Daneman, of Blacktown, and Trevor is elder son of Mrs. F. Jack, of Inverell, and late Mr. Jack.

ROUND of farewell parties planned for charming Mrs. Ely Palmer, wife of American Consul-General. Mrs. Palmer leaves Australia shortly with her husband for Afghanistan, where Mr. Palmer will take up a new consular appointment.

The Lord Mayor, Alderman Neville Harding, and Mrs. Harding have sent out invitations for this Wednesday for a reception at Town Hall in their honor; and Australian American Co-operation Movement will give luncheon this Thursday at History House in honor of Mrs. Palmer.

PARTY at Romano's given by ladies from Public Works Department for Ellen Stipewich when she celebrates twenty-first birthday. Ellen is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stipewich, of Roseville.

joyce

Movie World



• **DONNA REED**, appealing MGM star, is now working in "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Donna is a favorite with servicemen everywhere, and has been on several camp tours in America.



• **WALTER PIDGEON** made his stage and screen debut as a singing star, but is now one of MGM's top dramatic actors. You will see him soon co-starring with Greer Garson in "Mrs. Parkington."



• **GREGORY PECK** has had a sensational rise to fame, and is now one of Hollywood's most popular leading men. He has just completed MGM's "Valley of Decision," in which he shares stardom with Greer Garson.



• **MARIA MONTEZ**, Universal's photogenic glamor girl, is again teamed with Jon Hall in the technicolor Egyptian fantasy "Tangier." Maria is married to French star Pierre Aumont, who recently returned to America on leave from France, where he fought with Free French.

The Keys of the Kingdom



1 WHEN FRANCIS (Gregory Peck) decides to become a priest, Nora (Mary Anderson), realising she will never fully possess his love, sadly says good-bye at the station, and then kills herself.



2 FAILING at his first two curacies, Francis goes to see Bishop McNabb (Edmund Gwenn), and after this interview Francis accepts a missionary post to China.



3 IN CHINA progress is slow, and hindered by vandals, but Francis, assisted by Joseph (Benson Fong), gradually establishes the mission and a rough dispensary.



4 THREE NUNS, headed by Mother Superior, Maria (Rosa Stradner), arrive at the mission, but clearly indicate their disappointment, and Maria is very arrogant.



5 DURING BATTLE between Government forces and rebels, Francis is tireless in attending the wounded, and he is assisted by his lifelong friend, Dr. Tulloch (Thomas Mitchell). Tulloch is killed and dies as he lived—an atheist.



6 BISHOP ANGUS MEALY (Vincent Price) arrives to inspect the mission. He rebukes and patronises Francis, but his visit breaks down the barrier between Francis and Mother Maria.

THE Fox film, "The Keys of the Kingdom," is adapted from A. J. Cronin's novel of the same name. For three years Fox searched for the right man to play the leading role of Francis Chisholm, until Gregory Peck loomed on the Hollywood horizon. Peck comes from the New York stage, where he was a hit in three flop plays.

In the early sequences of the film Roddy McDowall plays Francis, and Peggy Ann Garner is seen as Nora.



7 BACK IN SCOTLAND, Monsignor Sleeth (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) comes to tell Francis it is time to retire, but after hearing the story of the priest's life he changes his mind.

Little ships sail close to the shore

Little ships keep close to the coastline, so when storms and trouble threaten they can make for the safety of sheltered harbours. Danger lies in the open seas; close to the shore there is practical protection. Your ship is sailing down the oceans of the years. You are the Captain, and Life is the course you steer. The seas ahead may be rough and treacherous, so avoid getting into 'deep water'—keep to the safe channels inshore. A Savings Account will provide handy protection and tide you over many a stormy passage. Open an account today and smooth the journey to the Port of Security and Independence.

The right time to save money is now, when you have it. There is no excuse for risking the hazards of hiding money under the mattress, or in an old tin. The safe effective channel for saving is the Commonwealth Savings Bank. The friendly service of this vast Australian Institution simplifies saving and offers every facility.

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA

Invest in Victory.

Invest the money you save where it's best for Australia, and for you... Keep buying WAR BONDS and WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES





The next time you see **Paris**

One of the most beautiful sights in this most beautiful of cities is the Avenue des Champs-Élysées. By no means the least of its charms are the smartly dressed women you see there. They are the best groomed in the world. If you ask them the makers of their favourite powder, most of them will tell you Roger and Gallet, who also make Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne, famous in Paris since 1803.

The latest product of the house of Roger and Gallet is now available in New South Wales, Queensland and Tasmania. This is Roger and Gallet's Blue Carnation Face Powder—The Powder with the Paris Touch. Blue Carnation Face Powder is made from Roger and Gallet's exclusive French formula by experts trained at their Paris headquarters. Ask to see it at your chemist or the store where you buy your cosmetics.

Roger + Gallet's
BLUE CARNATION
FACE POWDER

The Powder with the Paris Touch



2/8 PER
LARGE SIZE
BOX

Continuing . . . Pastoral

from page 7

HE knew what it would look like, or had known until the change in his gun setting. He did not think that it would really need to look different, but he was not quite sure. He was not quite sure now whether he ought to open fire sooner or later with the new setting.

They crossed the Belgian coast; it was clear now and they could pinpoint their position.

They had left the ground at Hartley at eight-seventeen; at ten-twelve, in the darkness far ahead of them, Marshall saw a point of yellow light, and then another close by it. He nodded absently when he saw it; Gunnar had guided them aright, and the Pathfinders had done their job; the fires they had lit would bring the rest of the machines on to the target.

As he watched, a great number of searchlights sprang in a cone above the target.

He said down the intercom: "Captain to navigator. Target right ahead, I think. Just have a look."

Gunnar Franck came forward and stood beside him, looking out of the windscreen and the starboard window. He nodded, and went down to the bomb-aimer's position and, kneeling on the floor, uncovered the sight and began adjusting it. Presently he came back and stood by the pilot, watching the target as it grew slowly closer.

The fires grew brighter, larger as they approached; there were more searchlights and they could see flak bursting in the cone. They were still flying at nine thousand feet. There were half a dozen flares suspended in the sky over the doomed city; no need for them to drop another for their run.

Marshall said: "Captain to crew. I'm going straight in a bit below the apex of the cone, and get this job over. Height will be seven thousand eight hundred. Wireless operator, drop one flare as soon as you hear 'Bombs away'; we'll leave it for the next chap. See if you can spot our bursts. Everybody O.K.? All right, then let's go, and then we can get back to bed."

It was not usual for them to fly straight in without a few minutes' reconnaissance of the situation at the target; Marshall was conscious of resentment in the silence of his crew, in the motionless attitude of Gunnar Franck beside him. He put out the automatic pilot and took over the control, throttled a little to lose height.

Gunnar got down to the bomb-aimer's position and lay down on his stomach; his legs alone were visible to the pilot. Marshall, his eyes fixed on the target, began weaving the machine slowly from side to side. At seven thousand eight hundred he levelled off and flew in, weaving steadily.

Over the intercom Gunnar said: "Bomb-aimer to Captain. I see where the target should be. I can see the canal and the little dock. But the target itself is all smoke. There are three fires and perhaps four started there already."

Marshall said: "It doesn't matter. Put ours in the middle, as nearly as you can."

"O.K., Captain. Keep on weaving now, but turn right. More right. More. O.K., go in on that, but keep weaving. There is a minute to go still, perhaps a little more."

The searchlights were about them now. Flak was bursting close by a machine about three hundred feet above them; it was dangerously hot, but they would soon be through with it. Marshall sat making his slow, rhythmic movements with hands and feet, weaving the big machine as nearly equally on each side as he could.

Gunnar said: "Steady now, Cap. steady. Left. More left. Steady at that. Left a little. Steady. Right a little. Steady."

Beneath their feet there was a jolt and the whole structure of the aircraft sprung. "Bombs away," said Gunnar.

There was a bright yellow burst just at the port wing-tip, and a twanging noise from somewhere in the wing. Marshall bore hard upon the wheel and thrust his right foot forward, and flung the aircraft round. There was another burst above them, and a third on the port bow.

Over the intercom they all heard Sergeant Phillips swear disgustfully. And then they heard Corporal Leech say: "Wireless operator to Captain. All bombs gone, sir."

Marshall said: "Get the bomb doors closed up, Sergeant Franck." The control was by his side, but he was too busy at the wheel to spare a hand for it himself.

Gunnar stood up by him and pulled the lever over. Another burst came very close to them, but that was the last. The white light of the searchlights wavered and grew dim, and they went forward on a south-east course into the friendly darkness.

Marshall said tersely, "Captain to wireless operator. Send 'Mission completed.'" And then to Gunnar, "I'm going to make a wide sweep round toward the north in a few minutes. Take a point fifteen miles north-east of the target, and give me a course back from there."

He sat at the controls starting mechanically round into the darkness and the moon, feeling exhausted and drained of all energy. He knew that he had been rash in going straight into the target in that way; however, they had got away with it. Now that the strain was over a reaction had set in; each movement, almost each thought, seemed an effort. So many sleepless nights were making themselves felt.

He began a slow turn to the north. Over the intercom Sergeant Phillips said, "Rear-gunner to Captain. There's an aircraft down below us, five or six hundred feet below. A bit behind and to port." There was a pause. "Sort of keeping station with us—Halifax, I think."

Marshall said, "All right—keep an eye on it." With so many machines in the vicinity, a collision in the darkness was a very real danger.

Presently Phillips said, "Another aircraft, Cap, a bit above us and behind." After a moment he said, "Fighter, Cap—I think!" And then, "Start jinking, he's right on top of us!"

Marshall cursed, and flung the machine round to the left; the enemy had got them altogether against the moon. At the same instant he felt the stammer of the rear guns transmitted through the structure, and saw bright tracers flying over his port wing from the rear forward. Star after star appeared upon the wing with sharp cracks; the port engine began to vibrate badly.

In that split-second of emergency the rear-gunner was straining to keep his tracer on the enemy behind, exchanging stream for stream. He had hesitated as it loomed up larger, a black, unfamiliar shadow through the framework of the perspex, uncertain at what range to open fire.

That hesitation gave the German pilot the chance to get the first shots off. The Wellington was already turning to the left, spoiling the aim of the attacker; his cannon fire went into the port wing for a second.

Phillips was pumping fire at him from the four Brownings of the turret by that time, but deliverance came to them from the Halifax below.

The mid-upper and rear gunners of the Halifax had been vigilant, watching the aircraft above them as they closed; immediately the cannon fire disclosed the Ju.88, they opened up on him.

A stream of fire from their eight guns came up against the fighter from below and to starboard. It was too much for the German pilot; he did not seem to be seriously hit, but his fire ceased and he slipped away in the darkness.

All firing ceased. The whole engagement had lasted only three or four seconds.

R for Robert was now in a bad way. They could not tell from within the aircraft how badly the port wing was damaged. Gunnar Franck climbed up by Marshall and flashed the torch through the side window along the length of the leading edge; there was damage and distortion about half-way to the tip, upon the upper surface. The D.F. aerial above the fuselage had gone and left a hole where it had been; the port engine cowling was badly torn, and Marshall had already throttled back because of the vibration.

Gunnar left him, and scrambled back down the fuselage to the wireless position, where there was a cello window from which he could see the top surface of the wing. He saw great holes in it, with tattered, flapping fabric, and a white plume of petrol streaming from the trailing edge.

He plugged in the lead from his helmet hurriedly, and said, "Cap, there is petrol coming from the tanks on the port wing, a great deal of it." He heard Marshall say: "Cobbett, you got that? Get back on to the fuel system."

THE flight engineer was scrambling back from the front turret to the fuel cocks in the fuselage; at all costs they must try to save the petrol from the port tanks if they were to get back home with anything to spare.

Gunnar and Cobbett set to work upon the hand pump to back up the engine pumps, and Marshall put the aircraft in a sidleslip right wing down to help the flow. In obviously short time they transferred what fuel was left into the right wing tanks, and Gunnar had time to look around.

In the dim light above the wireless desk he saw Leech crouching forward, his face chalk-white, holding his left shoulder with his right hand; blood was trickling over his right wrist. The Dane nudged the flight engineer and pointed, and went to the wireless operator.

Cobbett said over the intercom: "Flight engineer to Captain. All petrol in the right tanks now, and fuel for two and a half hours at twenty-two hundred revs, Corporal Leech has got it, sir—he's bleeding. Sergeant Franck is looking after him."

Marshall said: "If you can leave the fuel system, Cobbett, go and look after Leech and ask the navigator to give me the course."

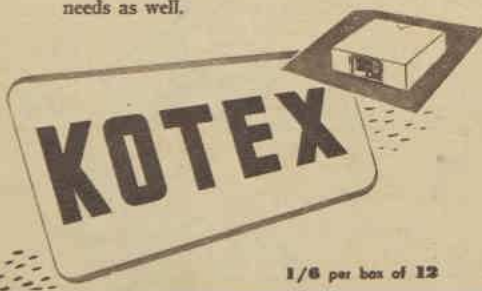
At the wireless desk the operator raised his head. "Cap wants a course, Gunnar," he said. "I'll be all right."

The Dane left him to Cobbett. Whatever crisis might develop in the fuselage the navigation must go on uninterrupted. Without navigation they would soon be lost, and to be lost and short of fuel meant disaster, nothing else. Gunnar darted from side to side of the machine, peering out, seeking a landmark; in the distance on the port quarter he saw the glow of fires and searchlights at the target.

Please turn to page 36



Increased Kotex supplies is welcome news to every woman. Well she knows the advantage of Kotex softness that never packs hard, the freedom from worry because of the patented moisture-resisting and distributing Kotex features, and the flat ends that can't show. Service women still take priority but there is more Kotex on sale to meet civilian needs as well.



FAULTY ELIMINATION upsets his system, he ceases to be his normal happy self and becomes dull, weary and misses the fun.

FAULTY ELIMINATION can be corrected gently and effectively by Laxettes, the Chocolate Laxative children like and take WILLINGLY. Laxettes have been a family stand-by for years.



Take a bottle wherever you go. There's a hand-bag size for your convenience for only 1/1.

For HONEYMOON HANDS

Must teach young to guard peace

IF the Allied Nations are to undertake the re-education of belligerent peoples in the ethics of true humanity, there rests with us a doubly heavy responsibility to re-educate our own young people.

It is a tragic fact that we have a generation growing up to whom war is the normal thing. As they grow they can only be brought to realise the sanctity of human life by reforming the ideas formed during the most impressionable years of their life.

It comes as a fresh blow to me every time I hear shrieks of delight and excitement from children when bayoneting and shooting are shown in movies at the local theatre.

Most of these children occupy their leisure playing killing games, and when they grow older they are fed on the usual school literary diet of "They shall not grow old, as we who are left grow old," etc.

When our children grow up, it will be they who must watch vigilantly for the first inauspicious signs of war, and fight for peace with a fervor which can only come from those who have a deep love of all mankind and a realisation of the sublimity of human life.

5/- to Margaret Seale, Tawonga South, Vic.

No text-books

HOW can the educational authorities possibly expect students to gain good passes in examinations when modern scientific text-books often are unobtainable, not only in shops, but also in Government libraries?

5/- to H. W. McKenna, 5 Albion St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Plea for teachers

THERE is more behind the acute shortage of teachers than faulty recruitment or lack of manpower.

The principal reason lies in the very unsatisfactory conditions of salary, housing, and teaching equipment in schools throughout the country.

Educationists investigating conditions see nothing of the true perspective.

They do not realise that the majority of the teachers are at a distinct disadvantage compared with fellow workers in other occupations in regard to salaries (which in some cases are little more than allowances) and housing conditions.

Teaching equipment is at the barest minimum unless the teacher co-operates with parents and committees to raise large sums of money to buy essential equipment that should be the bounden duty of the Government to supply to every school.

5/- to Mrs. E. M. Chant, Warner-town, S.A.

Playgrounds at home

IN a country as spacious as Australia it should be possible for every dwelling to have sufficient ground to provide a small playground and a garden.

Reasonably sized allotments should not be penalised by extra rates as they are at present. It is a temptation to builders to limit the size of their land, when by providing healthy facilities for recreation they are benefiting the community.

It is overcrowded places which breed disease, and children with no playground are handicapped.

5/- to Mrs. A. McPherson, Boyd Rd., Nundah, Qld.

What's on your mind?

When names mean what they say

THE U.S. Marines' invasion of Iwo Jima so affected an American mother that she inflicted her twin sons with the names Iwo and Jima.

This unthinking sort of patriotic impulse is not unique. After the last war many children grew up somewhat annoyed and embarrassed with the peculiar Christian names, Haig, Kitchener, Anzac, and Foch.

A Christian name is far more important and personal than a surname, which is merely generic, as opposed to specific.

For the purposes of registration parents have a legal right to name their children as fantastically as they please, and, unfortunately, when the child is too young to be consulted.

Perhaps it would be better if children were not named with legal Christian names until they were 21, when they could choose their own.

5/- to Sgt. Guy B. H. Saunders, Group 461, R.A.A.F., Darwin, N.T.

Amplifiers wanted

AMPLIFIERS should be installed in all large offices such as banks.

Many people who are hard of hearing find it difficult to know when their names are called.

This idea would save them many embarrassing moments.

5/- to Mrs. Lang, 100 Brook St., Coogee, N.S.W.

Country slums

IT is up to the Government to remember country women in the granting of new homes.

Slums in the country are badly in need of eradication. Some of these dwellings are not fit for humans to live in, being erected when the land was selected, and never improved.

If a census were to be taken, it would be found that country women have the larger families and are really the backbone of the nation, so surely it is not asking too much that our country sisters be given a decent home with a little of the comforts to which they are rightly entitled.

5/- to Mrs. Judith Johnson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Delay in housing

I HAVE been using my father's sitting-room and kitchen for eighteen months, with two babies to rear.

We have at last got a permit to build and have the foundation down, but have been waiting for two months for bricks, and have been warned that we will have to wait another month for tiles when the walls are up.

Why shouldn't permission to get bricks be included in the permit to build?

It is so disheartening to wait week after week for our home.

5/- to Mrs. M. R. Murphy, 2a Beaufort St., Woodville, S.A.

Ex-Servicemen

ONE is always hearing and reading what the Government intends doing for our servicemen when this war is over, but if the present conditions are any indication of what is to happen, then we can't hold out much hope for them.

I challenge anyone to live on the miserable pittance our disabled ex-servicemen are granted.

If the Government cannot treat fairly the hundreds being discharged now, what is to happen when all Services are disbanded?

5/- to Miss E. Smith, 45 Royal St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Bursting point

I SEE a lot of furniture transhipped from railway waggon to motor truck.

Young brides pack their glory-boxes to capacity, with the result that they burst and their contents are ruined.

Plywood glory-boxes are not meant to be used as packing-cases.

The same applies to lowboys and



wardrobes. Very often they are so heavy that rollers have to be used. This results in damage to beautiful polish and mouldings.

Always send them empty, and well covered with bagging.

5/- to Miss C. Greenbury, c/o Mrs. McCarty, Moreton Ave., Wynnum, Brisbane.

No housewives' strike

TO-DAY there are strikes for everything in all branches of industry.

What I can't understand is why housewives have not yet had a strike.

Their work is often plain drudgery under the most primitive conditions and they have a seven-day working week with long hours every day.

Most of the best labor-saving devices are beyond the reach of the average housewife because of their high price.

We would get more action if Members of Parliament came home from a session of talk and were told by determined wives that there would be no meals or clean clothes until something was done to better their household working conditions.

5/- to W/O.2 W. P. Johnson, Camp Quartermaster, Selheim Camp, North Queensland.

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When the W.A.A.F. is

waited into "civvy" life, something will have to be done about our homes. If life is going to be a round of washing, sweeping, ironing and cleaning, we'll have some discontented girls on our hands. However—this need not be. T.A.S.M.A. (Thom & Smith Pty. Ltd., Mascot, N.S.W.) will see to it that even the most modest home can afford its electric hot water service, refrigerator, washer, vacuum cleaner and—as in the past, the most efficient radio that money can buy. That is Tasma's post-war mission.

TA 9-43

When A.C.W. JONES dons civvies

VIROL

THE days have passed—but only temporarily—when this great children's food was in plentiful supply. They are, however, fast returning and the moment conditions permit, Virol will again be made available.

The standard of Virol goodness is being maintained, and parents may look forward to the day when their children once more can have the benefit of this body-building food.

VIROL LIMITED
Food Specialists
LONDON • ENGLAND



Saves Mum time—Costs Dad little

Hot water chases dirt and germs . . . speeds up every cleaning job . . . provides the greatest luxury for minimum cost.

To-morrow . . . even the smallest home will have a real hot water system. Hot water . . . twenty-four hours of the day . . . in bathroom . . . kitchen . . . laundry . . . just

by turning a tap.

The Rheem Automatic High Pressure Hot Water Storage System has been developed especially for small homes. With a selling price well within reach of every working family . . . an extraordinarily low operating cost . . . it simplifies for all one of the home's most important problems.

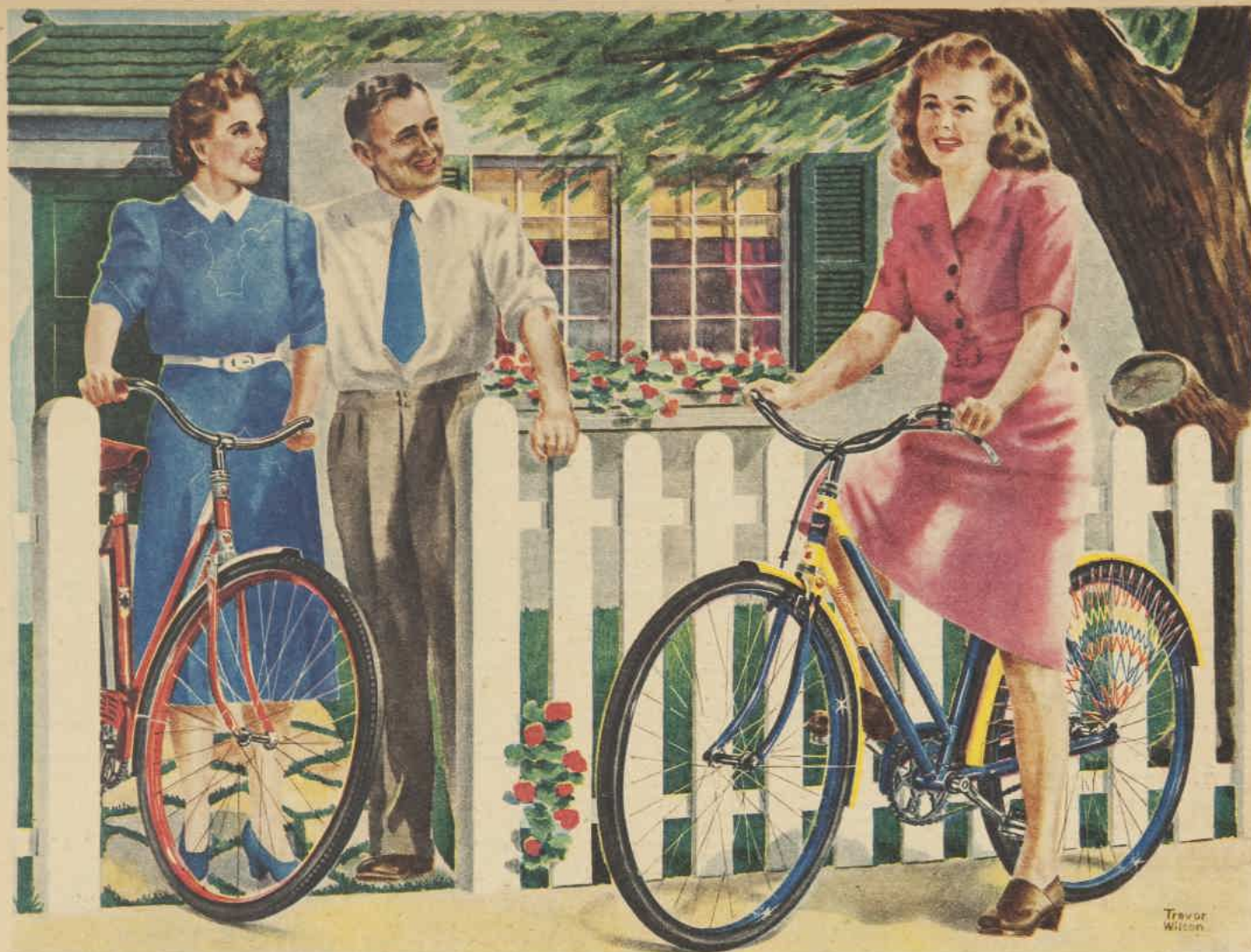
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Particulars from all Hardware Dealers and Gas Companies.

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Today owes much to yesteryear

Silver Anniversaries of today crown the romances of 1920. And though a quarter century may seem an age to the one-and-twenty, Time is winged to those who dedicate it to an achievement.

Many parents now celebrating their Silver Anniversary were in 1920 as proud as their children are today of owning a Malvern Star. That it should have become the world's super cycle results from the policy of Bruce Small Pty. Ltd.—“Only the best is good enough.” Twenty-five years devoted to that ideal has built the organisation from a small suburban shop to a chain of

one hundred Branches and a thousand Agencies throughout the Commonwealth.

Today, as the largest manufacturers and distributors of cycles in the Southern Hemisphere, Bruce Small Pty. Ltd. celebrates its Silver Anniversary. In looking back with pride it also looks ahead. And now, as owners of the most scientifically equipped plant this side of the world, it plans continued development in the manufacture of even finer bicycles for the public it is proud to serve.

YOU'D BE BETTER ON A
Malvern Star

BRUCE SMALL PTY. LTD.

SYDNEY: 730 George Street, Haymarket, and 40 Park Street. MELBOURNE: 283 Elizabeth Street. ADELAIDE: 59 Pulteney Street.
 BRISBANE: 440 Queen Street and 184-190 Elizabeth Street. NEWCASTLE (N.S.W.): 541 Hunter Street. PERTH: 38-40 Forrest Place
 HOBART: 95-97 Elizabeth Street.

Malvern Star has established 100 Branches and 1,000 Agencies throughout Australia to provide for all your cycling requirements.



WAXY LOVELINESS and fragrance epitomised in beautiful pale blue water-lilies shown above. The accompanying picture is that of a pale pink water-lily. They grow easily in a pool or trough of water about 2ft. to 3ft. deep. Gardeners are advised to consult their nearest seedsman or nurseryman regarding varieties to grow.

WATER-LILY CULTURE

... simple, fascinating

AN artistically built pool or natural pond is best for water-lilies, of course, but where this is not possible a large concrete trough about 2ft. to 3ft. deep, or even a disguised wooden tub, a zinc or iron tank, or well-painted petrol or big oil-drum will suit the genus *Nymphaea*.

There are about 40 species and 2000 varieties from all parts of the

tropic and temperate zones offering a wide range of form, color, and size of bloom in this lovely family—more than enough to satisfy any need or desire.

From the gardener's viewpoint water-lilies fall into two classes, tender (tropical) and hardy.

● Water-lilies are the most prized of all aquatic plants, yet anyone can grow them.

— Says OUR HOME GARDENER

The hardy sorts should be obtained where frosts are frequent and the weather temperate.

In the hotter parts of the Commonwealth, the tropical and sub-tropical lilies can be grown.

To grow water-lilies successfully good, rich soil is necessary.

Topsoil of a somewhat heavy texture should be mixed thoroughly with cow manure and allowed to stand for some months before being boxed up and placed at the bottom of the pool with the roots in position.

Lily roots, when confined, tend to spread, and the more delicate species are often choked by the rank growth of stronger varieties.

To obviate this, each lily-root should be given a separate boxful of soil, and each lily should be afforded at least 3ft. 6in. to 6ft. of space, according to the variety—and the size of the pool.

Not more than one root should be planted in a tub of 2ft. 6in. to 3ft. in diameter.

CHIC, COSY JUMPER

● Smart for afternoon or evening wear. Designed for sizes 32 and 34. Do knit it for yourself.

MATERIALS: 4 skeins (short sleeves), 5 skeins (long sleeves), "Sunbeam" Super or "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof, 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2200 (navy); 3 skeins (short sleeves), 4 skeins (long sleeves), No. 2163 (blue); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; crochet hook; 3 press studs.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in. Bust, 32-34in. Length of sleeve seam, 51in.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 needles and n. wool, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 31in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, * k twice into next st., k 9, repeat from * to last 10 sts., k twice into next st., k 8, k twice into last st. (111 sts.).

1st Row: Using n. wool, k. 2nd Row: K 1, * k 1, wrn. twice, k 1, wrn. 3 times, k 1; wrn. twice, k 1, wrn. k 6, repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: K., dropping the loops made by wrn.

4th Row: K. 5th Row: Change to blue wool, k. 6th Row: K 1, * k 5, wrn. k 1, wrn. twice, k 1, wrn. 3 times, k 1, wrn. twice, k 1, wrn. k 1, repeat from * to end.

7th Row: K., dropping the loops made by wrn.

8th Row: K. Repeat the last 8 rows, and when work measures 12in., shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 3 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 rows, then every 2nd row 3 times. When armholes measure 7in., shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as back.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and n. wool, cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 11in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, k 3, * k twice into next st., k 6, repeat from * to end. (91 sts.). Work in pattern for 31in., then k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 43 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and n. wool, cast on 80 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 31in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, increase 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 91 sts. When sleeve seam measures



ORIGINAL was knitted in navy and white. Instructions are also given for long sleeves.

SHOULDER PADS

Using No. 10 needles and n. wool, cast on 24 sts. Work 34 rows st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, leaving an opening on left shoulder. Pleat sleeves round armholes and sew in shoulder pads. Work 1 row of d.c. round neck and shoulder opening. Sew press studs on shoulder opening.

I KEEP FIT

-and so can you!

Take a dose of Beecham's Pills whenever you feel out of sorts. They promote digestion, improve the appetite, purify the system and induce peaceful slumber.

1/- and 2/6 per box.



SEND FOR FREE BOOK ON DANCING!



SEND for your copy of sensational free book all about dancing. Explains Bolot Method in detail, how you can learn at home, without music or partner, to dance perfectly. Limited offer! Send TO-DAY!

SIMPLE AS A.B.C.

IT does not matter if you have never danced a step in your life before—or if you have been trying for years to dance—the famous BOLOT System guarantees to make you an accomplished dancer in just 30 days—OR IT COSTS YOU NOT ONE PENNY. It will teach you all the latest dances—Slow Foxtrot, Quick Step, Waltz, Tango, Rumba, Jitterbug, etc.—together with Modern Old Time. The BOLOT System never fails; you have Professor Bolot's personal guarantee.

POST THE COUPON FOR YOUR FREE BOOK.

TEAR COUPON—POST NOW! PROFESSOR J. BOLOT, F.A.R., French Dancing Academy, Studio 36, 66 Oxford St., Sydney.

Dear Sir, Please send me by return mail a copy of your FREE Book, "Dancing as a Fine Art." I enclose 1/6 in stamps.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ 19/5/45

SAFETY FIRST IN THE GARDEN

ALWAYS get prompt first-aid for the smallest wound caused in the garden, particularly a punctured wound.

It is wise to make bleed the smallest puncture or cut, and, as stated, get first-aid immediately.

Stepping on or striking against garden tools is the main cause of injury. The rake left lying with teeth uppermost, if trodden on, may puncture the foot, it may cause the handle to fly up and strike you in the face.

Shovels, spades, or other tools left lying about may also injure you.

Broken, split, or splintered handles should be discarded, as they may pinch or lacerate the hands. If replacement is not easy, repair breaks by carefully binding with cord; roughened or splintered handles should be smoothed down with sandpaper.

Poisons for garden pests should be kept in safe places out of the reach of children and used according to instructions.

You'll like your legs in Lustre—

Smooth sleek stockings that combine good looks with durability. Smart colours and fine finish are the hallmark of Lustre.

From smart shops everywhere

FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY & FINE LINGERIE

A snub made her Popular...

MY GOODNESS! WHAT A CRUSH! LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME TEA

SORRY, DEAR, BUT I'VE ARRANGED TO MEET MY SISTER

I'D LIKE TO HAVE ASKED HER TO JOIN US, BUT SHE'S NOT WELL—AS DANNY'S PEOPLE FOUL UP HER POPULARITY?

YOU MEAN... AREN'T PEOPLE FOUL UP TO RISK POPULARITY?

SO I'M NOT AS DANNY! HOW AWFUL! COULD IT BE BECAUSE I'VE GIVEN UP USING LIFEBOUY LATELY?

I WAS MAD TO THINK OF USING OTHER SOAPS WHEN LIFEBOUY IS THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP 'ROT' AND IT IS SO MUCH Milder THAN MOST OTHER SOAPS

AND YOU WILL JOIN MY TABLE FOR THE COMFORTS FUNO BRIDGE PARTY WON'T YOU?

I'D LOVE TO! (THINKS) I WON BACK MY POPULARITY WHEN I WENT BACK TO LIFEBOUY



W.129.2



VOTE FOR MYNOR

This is no secret ballot. You can openly declare your preference for this popular Member of the House. We're not suggesting of course that our Mynor Panda intends running for Parliament but our *photograph* shows that he is quite intelligent enough. It's just a gag, of course, but he does love his publicity... and it's quite a change after spending his baby days quietly munching bamboo shoots in the remote mountains of Tibet. The Mynor Panda has all the traits that make people like him and that's just why the makers of Mynor chose him as a symbol because they feel that Mynor Fruit Cup has the same likeable qualities.

MYNOR Fruit Cup is made from the juices of fresh fruit and its specially good flavour is due to the balanced blend of Lemons, Oranges, Pineapple and Passion-

fruit. Home folks can now get reasonable supplies of Mynor Fruit Cup although vast quantities are going still to troops in battle areas.

**MYNOR
FRUIT CUP**

PANDER TO
YOUR PALATE WITH
MYNOR FRUIT CUP





Lemon PIE

—and others just as luscious

● Deep-dish pie, double-crust pie, open-top pie . . . created for satisfying cold-weather appetites of family or guests.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

SUCCESS of each pie lies in its feather-light crust and the well-defined flavor of its filling. The shortcrust recipe is one that will be approved by experienced cooks and can be tried without trembling by the inexperienced.

Be quick and light in mixing, handle as little as possible, and keep ingredients as cold as possible. A hot oven (415deg.-450deg. F.) is essential for pastry; reduce heat after 10 minutes to moderate to cook filling.

This quantity (8oz. flour) is sufficient for a double crust for a 7in. pie-plate.

WARTIME SHORTCRUST

Eight ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. clarified dripping, 1 dessertspoon sugar (may be omitted), about one-third cup water.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in fat with finger-tips. Add water, mixing to a dry dough (the sides of dish should be quite clean). Turn on to lightly floured board, cut

in two, and roll quickly and lightly into rounds to fit dish. Lift from board on to rolling-pin and lower back on board and leave for minute or two to allow for shrinkage. When placing top layer on over filling, moisten edges of bottom layer. Trim edges with knife. Glaze with milk or sugar and water.

BANBURY APPLE PIE

Six ounces short pastry, 1 cup stewed apple, about 2-3rd cup raisins and sultanas and lemon peel, 3 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Line deep pie-plate (8in.) with pastry and trim and decorate edge. Add apple and sprinkle with dried fruits. Rub butter into the flour, add sugar, and stir in beaten egg and enough milk to make a smooth, thick batter. Pour over fruit in pie-case. Bake in a hot oven (415deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and reduce heat to moderate (350deg. F.), and cook a further 20 to 25 minutes.

LEMON PIE

One baked pastry-case, 1½ cups boiling water, 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon

rind, 1 cup sugar, 1½ tablespoons cornflour, 1-3rd cup water, with 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Mix boiling water, lemon juice, and rind and sugar. Stir in the cornflour blended with the 1-3rd cup of cold water. Simmer gently, stirring, for three minutes. Cool slightly, beat in the egg-yolks and cook a further two minutes without boiling. Add the butter and pour into the baked pastry-case. Whip the egg-whites to a stiff froth, gradually adding sugar. Pile on lemon filling and bake in very slow oven until the meringue is lightly crisped.

CHOCOLATE PEAR PIE

One baked pastry-case (8in.), 2½ cups milk, 2½ teaspoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 or 4 stewed pears.

Blend the cocoa and cornflour with a little cold milk. Stir into remainder of the milk heated with the sugar. Simmer for 3 minutes. Cool slightly, and beat in the egg-yolk and butter. Whip egg-white to stiff froth and fold in. This is delicious flavored with almond essence. Pour into pastry-case, and when lightly set top with wheel of sliced, stewed pears. May be then sprinkled with nuts.

DOUBLE CRUST RHUBARB PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 cups drained, lightly stewed rhubarb (sweetened), 1 cup rhubarb juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon cornflour, sugar, and spice.

Line a pie-plate (7in.) with pastry. Add the rhubarb. Blend the cornflour with the hot rhubarb juice and lemon rind. Cook 2 minutes, stirring, and pour over rhubarb. Top

with pastry. Trim edge and slit centre top. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with water, and dust with spice and sprinkle with sugar. Return to moderate oven (350deg. F.) for further 10 minutes.

DEEP-DISH QUINCE PIE

Four ounces short pastry, 2 to 3 cups stewed quinces, 2 or 3 cloves, sugar and spice for glazing.

Pour well-stewed pink, sliced quinces into pie-dish, moistening well with juice. Add cloves. Line moistened edge of pie-dish with pastry strip. Moisten and cover top of pie with pastry; trim and decorate edge. Bake in hot oven

(450deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Remove, brush lightly with water, dust with spice (may be omitted), and sprinkle with sugar. Return to moderate oven for 5 minutes.

PINEAPPLE BETTY PIE

Four ounces shortcrust, 1 cup shredded pineapple, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, little spice.

Line pie-plate with pastry. Place pineapple at bottom of case. Beat egg, add sugar, crumbs, and milk. Pour over the pineapple. Sprinkle lightly with spice. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce to moderate (350deg. F.) and cook further 20 minutes.

LEMONS ADD FLAVOR

KEEP a bowl of lemons always on hand in the kitchen. Their high food-value rating and the piquant flavor of juice and rind place them among the most valuable of all food accessories. Try the following:

Lemon juice, sugar, and chopped mint, heated, as a dressing for roast lamb.

A squeeze of lemon juice and a dash of lemon rind for hot, white sauce served with cauliflower, carrots, and pumpkin.

Lemon juice, unsweetened and undiluted, to clear the palate and pep up early morning appetite.

Lemon squeezed over meat before grilling; it tenderises and pep up flavor.

Lemon juice added to the brown

sauce served with veal; use rind generously in any veal stuffing.

Lemon slices in the water when boiling fish or juice sprinkled on when steaming; it whitens and clears flavor.

Grated lemon rind in fish batter and fish cakes.

Boiled new potatoes drenched with a mixture of lemon juice, melted butter or substitute, and chopped mint.

Cut salad fruit as apples, bananas, pears sprinkled with lemon juice; it preserves whiteness and develops flavor.

Green salads tossed in lemon juice sweetened with sugar and seasoned with pepper and salt; salad oil may be added.

Grated lemon rind as flavoring in any cake, cookie, frosting or filling.

SKIN DISEASES

Originate in the Bloodstream



VAXOS No. 3 ORAL VACCINE

Effectively Treats

Dermatitis, Eczema, Acne, Boils, Carbuncles

These skin disorders are all bacterial infections of the bloodstream. That is why local applications must fail and why Vaxos No. 3 gives quick, lasting results. A few drops of 'Vaxos' taken in water each day quickly gets to the seat of the trouble in the bloodstream. Heat and inflammation are rapidly dissipated. Blemishes soon disappear. Put an end to your troubles, obtain 'Vaxos' from your chemist to-day. It's simple and pleasant to take. 6 weeks' treatment costs only 21/-.. A shorter 3 weeks' treatment for milder cases, 12/6.



If your chemist is out of stocks write to:
VACCINE PRODUCTS (AUST.)
584 Little Collins St., Melb., C.I.

Prizes for unrationed dishes



OH, FUDGE! And the Quins really mean it. It has just passed the cold-water test (softball in cold water) and Cecile holds the greased pan while Annette pours it in. Emilie, Marie, and Yvonne look eager, to say the least. Quins are being taught to cook and sew.

● Interesting recipes for meat dishes without coupons were entered this week in our popular cookery contest.

SERVE each one of these entrees piping-hot with hot vegetables or with crisp green side-salad.

Have you had a culinary success lately you are willing to share?

Send it to us—it may win you a cash prize.

All you have to do is to write out your recipe clearly on one side of

paper only, check over carefully, give your full name and address, and mail to us.

KIDNEY AND BACON PIE

Six kidneys, 2 rashers bacon, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 egg, pepper.

For the crust: 12oz. flour, 6oz. fat, 1 teaspoon baking powder, salt, water to mix to a dry dough.

Soak and skin kidneys, cut in halves lengthwise and remove the core. Put into a saucepan with the chopped bacon and tomato sauce, pepper and salt. Cook gently 1 hour. Add nearly all the beaten egg, keeping a little for glazing, allow to thicken. Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in the fat, and mix to a dough with the water.

Turn on to a floured board, knead slightly, divide into two, and roll each portion into a round to fit a fireproof tart-plate. Line the plate, fill with the kidney mixture, damp edges of pastry and cover with the second portion of pastry. Press edges together lightly, glaze with beaten egg, and bake in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Darven, 6a Short St., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

POTATO PRANDELLE

Six medium-sized potatoes baked in their skins, 2 cups cooked cubed liver, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup milk or stock, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley.

Melt fat, add flour and seasonings, and mix until smooth. Add liquid and stir until boiling. Cook gently 5 minutes, add liver, and cook until liver is thoroughly heated. Cut a slice from the top of each potato and scoop out the inside, being careful not to break the skin. Mash and season the potatoes with pepper and parsley, butter and milk.



HOT APPLE SHORTCAKE... two crisp hot slices of shortcake filled with grated apple heated with brown sugar, lemon rind, and juice for just five minutes.

Fill each shell with the liver, place a spoonful of creamed potato on top. Brown in the oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

SAVORY TRIPE

One pound tripe, 1lb. grated cheese, 1 pint smooth, white sauce, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, a little butter.

Cut tripe into 1in. cubes, cover with cold water, and cook gently until tender; strain. Put a layer of tripe in a greased dish, sprinkle with salt, cover with white sauce, then a layer of grated cheese, and repeat until all tripe is used. Cover with breadcrumbs, dot with butter, and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Munro, Anzac St., West Maitland, N.S.W.

CASSEROLE OF OX HEARTS

Three ox hearts, 1 dessert-spoon fat, 2 medium onions, 2 carrots, 1 small turnip, 1 tablespoon flour. For the stuffing: 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, a few peppercorns, 3oz. breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 small diced onion, 1oz. fat, 1 beaten egg, 1 bay leaf.

Soak hearts for 1 hour; dice vegetables and put into a fireproof dish with the stuffing on top. Place hearts on top, cover with hot stock or water. Cover dish with a tightly fitting lid and simmer in a slow oven for 2 to 3 hours until the hearts are tender. Brown the flour in the melted fat, add the liquor from the hearts, stir until boiling, and simmer a few minutes. Remove hearts from dish and place on a serving-dish, coat with the gravy, and decorate with the diced vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Winterbottom, Chesterfield, Mincha, Vic.

GROCE



"You go first, Mr. Smithers"

Really, breakfast is not what it used to be when you haven't got Vegemite, but then you don't mind going without it occasionally when you know that invalids, sick children and convalescents need it more urgently than you do to make them fit and strong. Everyone likes Vegemite, but some want it more urgently than others.

If you are one of those who don't need Vegemite medicinally, then thousands of invalids and babies are asking you to deny yourself of it for the time being; by doing so, you will enable them to regain their health and strength.

VEGEMITE FIGHTS FOR THE MEN UP NORTH!

In all operational areas where our men and those of our Allies are engaged, and in military hospitals, Vegemite is in great demand, because of its value in fighting Vitamin B deficiency diseases. That's why the fighting forces have first call on all

Vegemite produced. And that is why Vegemite is in short supply for civilian consumption. But it won't always be that way. When the peace is won and our men come home, ample stocks of this extra tasty yeast extract will be available for everyone.

VEGEMITE

Right way to handle baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB

VERY special care should be taken in the handling of a young baby.

A tiny babe has a sense of insecurity, and the fear of being dropped is a universal one in the early days of life, so that it needs to be handled firmly and very carefully.

At first, as you know, the bones of an infant are very soft and pliable and its muscles weak, so that good posture can be interfered with if the child is cradled, carried, or held wrongly during the first few months of life.

A leaflet outlining wrong and right methods of handling baby has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

N.B.: The pre-natal clinic at the above address is open from Monday to Friday each week for interviews and practical demonstrations.



THIS lovely child is Sonia Joy Quatermass, daughter of Mr. H. J. Quatermass (ex-R.A.A.F.) and Mrs. Quatermass, of Peacock Street, Seaford, N.S.W. She's nearly three.

Keeps her full of energy



ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

ENO is now in short supply for civilians because the needs of the Services, especially in the tropics and sub-tropics, must come first. So please use your supply sparingly because ENO is on active service. The words "ENO" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

Kathleen Court CANTON LIPSTICK

now available

For lips of indelible beauty—like lipstick. Kathleen Court's Canton Lipsticks in shades of Tiffin, Red, Lotus, and Poppy.

Also Kathleen Court's 'IT' Rouge

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Kathleen Court's lipsticks, ask the nearest wholesaler or write Kathleen Court, 100, Clarence Street, Sydney.



Lady with a Secret...

No one will ever guess her age—nor while her hair has the glowing colour and vibrant health of youth! Make your hair young, too, with NAPRO Hair Dye. Ask for any of the twenty-one shades at your beauty salon—or buy NAPRO from chemists and stores.

napro hair dye

FULL SUPPLIES OF AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER AVAILABLE FROM YOUR GROCER!



*Persil Whiteness
isn't all ...*

**PERSIL KEEPS
WOOLLIES GAY AS NEW, SOFT, FLEECY!**

**PERSIL WASHES WHITER BECAUSE
IT WASHES CLEANER. AND THESE SAME
ACTIVE PERSIL SUDS ARE JUST AS
WONDERFUL WITH WOOLLENS, TOO!
THEY TENDERLY COAX AWAY EVERY
SPECK OF DIRT—KEEP WOOLLIES
WARM AND SOFT!**

How delicious to snuggle into a sweet-smelling new woolly! And how easy to repeat that joyous experience time and time again! Simply give your knitteds safe Persil care and they'll stay like new, season after season. Persil's busy suds coax out dirt quickly as can be. And so gently that soft pastel shades glow with warmth, fluffy naps keep their fleecy softness. Use Persil for everything you wash! Nothing else can equal Persil results.

See how easy it is to make woollies last!



WASHING

Measure your garment. Then mix up Persil (one heaped tablespoonful to every gallon of tepid water). Gently squeeze woolly in the suds. Never rub two surfaces together. If any part is badly soiled, lay it flat on one hand and lightly rub with the other.



RINSING

Rinse well at least three times, in water of same temperature as your suds. If any colour shows in rinse, add vinegar to last rinsing water (about half-cup to every gallon). Don't twist or wring woollens—roll them in a thick towel and PRESS out moisture.



DRYING

Dry flat, away from direct heat. Pack woolly with tissue paper or towels, sleeves as well as body. Put a piece of folded tissue in pockets and underneath collar. Check measurements, easing woolly back to its former shape. Turn now and again so that it dries as quickly as possible.



LAUGH WITH BOB DYER EVERY MONDAY AT 8 P.M.



Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help all the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THIS COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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| Shorthand, Typing | Handwriting |
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| Accountancy | Dressmaking and |
| Story Writing | Designing |
| Journalism (F. & L.) | Shorthand |
| Advertisement Wtg. | University Exam. |
| Showcards, Tickets | Correspondent |
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| Architectural Work | Window Dressing |
| Commercial English | Salesmanship |
| Gen. Arithmetic | Engineering (Dist.) |
| General Education | Motor, Radio, Ac. |

Stott's Correspondence College

109 Russell Street, Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 230 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 38 Grenfell St., Adelaide.

— Mail This Coupon: Cut Here —
TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course/s in

MY NAME
ADDRESS
A.W.W.145 AGE

**ENSIGN
TIES
THE
BEST**

Even Bunny likes a bath...

if it's with
**PEARS
SOAP**



You take no chances with Baby's rose-petal skin when you use Pears Soap. Just hold a tablet up to the light! You can look right into its heart and see the purity. Mild and mellow, a soap you can really trust.



Pa. 22.37



Excuse me—
INNER CLEANLINESS
is most refreshing

FIRST...Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.
NEXT...Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.
THEN...Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY...To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently cleans the bowels. It sweeps away trouble—making poisons, relieves constipation, and purifies the blood.

Those inclined to "early morning blues" should take Andrews for a few mornings, then as regularly as the system needs its help. If you do this, the worrying little ills are less likely to appear, and you will notice a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

ANDREWS
Effervescent and Health-giving

1/8 & 2/9 Everywhere

Pastoral

Continued from page 28

Presently they flew into the cloud at about seven thousand feet. It was a relief to go so; they had over two hundred miles to go before they reached the Channel, and at any point in that two hundred miles a night fighter might come on them.

In the rear fuselage Gunnar was making Leech comfortable upon the floor. He had found a torn, lugged wound in the right shoulder and neck, and another in the right thigh; neither was very grave, provided that the bleeding could be checked. Gunnar had bound on heavy wads of dressing upon both wounds and had given a small shot of morphine; presently he left Leech to the care of Cobbett and moved back to the navigation table.

The aircraft was now flying in thick cloud, at seven thousand feet. He said: "Navigator to Captain. Can you get her up above this for an astro fix?"

Marshall said irritably: "And get ourselves shot up again. What time is E.T.A. the Belgian coast?"

The Dane turned to his calculations. Presently he said: "E.T.A. the Belgian coast 11.54, Cap."

The pilot glanced at his clock; about an hour to go. In their damaged state they could not risk another encounter with a fighter; even flak would be difficult for them, with the slow rate of climb that the machine now had. Over enemy territory it was better to play safe and stay in cloud.

He said: "We'll keep on as we are till E.T.A. the coast minus ten minutes—11.44. Then I'll bring her down out of this stuff and we'll get a position as we pass the coast."

They went on to discuss the fuel position. From the gauges it appeared that they would have about twenty minutes reserve fuel. It was going to be a near thing, but it was not too bad.

"Give you a spell, Cap?" said the Dane.

"I'm all right," said Marshall. "Get back and see how Leech is getting on." He put the machine on to the automatic pilot, and they flew on in cloud in the black night.

At a quarter to twelve Gunnar came to the cockpit and stood by Marshall; the pilot throttled a little, and the machine began to lose height. They broke out of the cloud into clear air at about two thousand feet ten minutes later, opened up to fly level and stared down into the darkness.

Marshall said: "Captain to crew. Everybody keep a good lookout for the coast. We ought to come out somewhere near Dover in the next ten minutes."

They came down to twelve hundred feet and flew on over sea, tense and peering down into the blackness below. At 12.08 they had not seen any land at all; they were all very conscious that their fuel was running short. They now had barely forty minutes' supply left.

Marshall said: "Captain to navigator. Get on to the wireless and see if you can get a fix. Looks as though we've drifted a bit."

Gunnar got back and sat down at the wireless.

Three minutes later he was at the navigator's table with his information. It was incredible as he plotted it upon the map—in fact, he had to change maps and plot it on a new sheet altogether. He plugged in quickly and said: "Navigator to Captain. This fix says that we are out in the North Sea, one hundred and five miles east of Spurn Head at the mouth of the Humber."

Marshall said quickly: "Oh rot. That can't be right."

There was a momentary pause; the machine flew on over the black sea. Gunnar worked quickly to check his fix, and then to check the previous course from Mannheim.

"There is something not right," he said quietly over the intercom. "You have been flying on 315, Cap?"

He went forward to the cockpit as Marshall bent to the compass; both scrutinized the verge ring together in the shaded light. The pilot said: "Three one five? This thing says about three fifty."

Gunnar nodded. "That is where

we have been wrong. The course was three one five."

The pilot dived his hand into his knee pocket and pulled out the slip. He glanced at it, and then back at his navigator: "Sorry, Gunnar," he said quietly. "I must have set the thing wrong."

He knocked out the automatic pilot and swung the aircraft round; there was no time to waste. "Give me a course to the nearest land," he said. "I'll fly on 270 meantime."

In a minute Gunnar came back on the intercom, speaking from the navigation table. "Captain to navigator. Course is 282."

"What's the estimated time of arrival the coast?"

"Twelve fifty-five, Cap."

Marshall called Cobbett on the intercom for a report on the fuel, and Gunnar came forward to the cockpit and watched while the pilot set the course upon the compass verge ring to make sure he got it right this time. The fuel gauges in all tanks were nearing zero; Cobbett estimated that their fuel would be exhausted by 12.45.

Marshall said quietly: "Okay. Navigator, get back to the wireless and report our course, the landfall we expect to make, and our E.T.A. the coast. Tell them we are short of fuel, and to stand by for our position. Ask for emergency routine."

He paused a minute, and then said: "Captain to crew. Sorry, chaps, but I think we're going in the drink. Rear-gunner, you can come out of the turret. You'll be in charge of the dinghy; have a look now and see if it's all there and in order. Sergeant Cobbett, get down in the bomb-aimer's position and let me know if you see any land."

Sergeant Phillips levered himself out of the steel doors of the turret backwards into the fuselage, and reached for his parachute; he would take that forward with him and keep it to hand.

He knew that there had been some kind of a mistake between the captain and the navigator that had landed them in that position; he did not clearly understand from the conversation he had overheard upon the intercom who was to blame.

Sergeant Cobbett, lying in the bomb-aimer's position, stared down at the sea. He had been on seven operations previously, and only one of those had been with Marshall.

He was not resentful of the captain's mistake that had landed them there; he respected Marshall too much for that. It was just a pity.

Corporal Leech lay in drugged stupor on the floor of the rear fuselage, his head pillowed on somebody's parachute. When they went down into the water he would almost certainly be drowned within the fuselage; in the few moments that the escape hatch would be above water the remainder of the crew could hardly hope to get him out.

Please turn to page 39

PAIN
you can't
"explain"

Blessed New Relief for
Girls who Suffer
Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



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No Excuse for Cutting Corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frosol-Ice, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frosol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frosol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

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"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Acterin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



You wouldn't
think I had
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Get quick relief—by putting a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. In seconds, you'll be able to breathe more freely again as Va-tro-nol swiftly clears away clogging mucus, soothes irritation and shrinks swollen membranes. Begin today to enjoy the comfort Va-tro-nol brings.

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The body in health is a marvellous piece of mechanism, but torn by the aches and pains of rheumatism and similar disorders it makes life miserable in the extreme. The case of Mrs. Mollie Niemann, via Maldon, Victoria, is one in point. She found in R.U.R. the answer to a life of pain and torture and now she writes:—

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TAKE R.U.R. AND RIGHT YOU ARE

YOUR HOME: short cuts in daily round



"SIT TO WORK whenever you can" ... one of the rules destined to save energy. Many jobs for which you ordinarily stand, like ironing and dish-washing, may be done equally well sitting down.



"USE BOTH HANDS TO WORK" is one of the maxims of home economists who teach groups of American farm women how to save time in the house so they may help also with outside farm work.

LEFT: A fine-tasting cake can be made without a clutter of utensils, and overmuch time and energy.



COMPARE THIS PICTURE with the one above—both showing a birthday cake in course of preparation. Here additional work is entailed by separating yolks from whites and whisking, using two pans.



TRADITIONAL round scone-cutter requires separate motions for each cut, and extra time for re-rolling the scraps.



the only remedy which at the same time contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier and acid secretory. R.U.R. is therefore truly a five-fold remedy, praised by thousands. R.U.R. is bound to do you good. Take R.U.R. regularly for a while. Smaller size, 6/-, the money-back guaranteed full treatment, 7/6. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

STREAMLINING the method, the housewife cuts square scones with a few strokes of the knife, and saves both time and motion. Square scones taste just as good.

—Photos by courtesy U.S. Office of War Information.

Home economists in America, under direction of Dr. Lillian Gilbreth (industrial engineer as well as housewife and mother of 11 children) teach women war-workers how to save time and labor in housework. Here are suggestions:



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A charming hostess, Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., has a fascinatingly fine-textured complexion. She says: "I've found Pond's Two Creams all I need for my skin care."

Pond's is the complexion care of lovely women all over the world. It is such a simple beauty method—and so effective! Use Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth your skin for make-up and hold your powder beautifully.

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Pond's are happy to let you know that supplies of your favourite Pond's Creams should be much easier to get very soon. Also you'll be able to get them in convenient handbag size tubes again.





WHEN ALL ELSE HAS FAILED
you can gain prompt, lasting relief from

CATARRH

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SINUS, AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS

The experience of thousands of people who have taken Lantigen "B" — the dissolved oral vaccine, proves conclusively that you need no longer suffer the sneezing, coughing and choking—the deafness, headaches, heavy dull feeling and general ill-health caused by catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, sinus or antrum infections, all of which are caused by germs.

BRONCHITIS
IMMUNISATION
CATARRH
ANTRUM AND SINUS INFECTIONS

3-WAY BENEFIT

Lantigen "B" works in three ways to bring real relief quickly

1

Starts at once to neutralise the effects of the germ poisons—clears the head, reduces the catarrhal inflammation and rapidly improves the general health.

2

Builds up natural resistance against the invading catarrh germs and incites the production of natural "anti-bodies" against them.

3

Creates long lasting immunity so that further attacks are withstood—often for years. Thus Lantigen gives much more than temporary relief.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY

Those who have used Lantigen "B" are loud in its praises. A typical report comes from Mr. N. Madden, of Paddington, N.S.W., who writes: "After one bottle all the symptoms (of catarrh) disappeared and the second bottle dispelled one of the most persistent cases I have known." Miss B. Lane, of Windsor, writes: "My mother has had bronchial catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough which in turn nearly choked her. Five weeks ago she decided to try LANTIGEN "B" and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

DROP AFTER DROP . . .



Like water from a leaking tap, catarrh poisons drop from the nose and throat. They are carried through the system and cause much general ill-health. Stop their effect with Lantigen "B."

OTHER LANTIGEN TREATMENTS INCLUDE:—

LANTIGEN "A" and other germ-born infections (due to Staphylococci).

LANTIGEN "C" For Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Spondylitis, Fibrositis.

LANTIGEN "D" For Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Septic Sores, Abscesses, Ulcers, Dermatitis, Gum and Mouth

LANTIGEN "E" For Hay Fever.

LANTIGEN "F" For Whooping Cough.

There are separate and distinct groups of organisms peculiar to the complaint being treated in each type of LANTIGEN described above.

Highly Concentrated and Dissolved, Therefore Economical and More Effective

Lantigen is a highly concentrated product. The effective dose is therefore smaller and a bottle lasts longer. Thus a £1/1/- bottle provides several weeks' treatment at a cost of only 2d. per day.

The fact that Lantigen is a dissolved vaccine means that the doses can be more exactly controlled and are more rapidly effective. "Anti-body" production is also more readily and effectively brought about.

Guaranteed Not to Harm the Heart

Lantigen "B" is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor any other organ of the body. It is, nevertheless, thoroughly effective in the treatment of the particular disorder for which it is prepared and may be given safely to young and old without unpleasant after-effects. It does not interfere with treatments for other conditions, nor do such treatments interfere with Lantigen.

SCIENTIFIC BACKING

This method of treatment, known as oral immunisation, is well established in scientific circles. Dr. Cronin Lowe, of England, writing in the *British Medical Journal*, says that where oral vaccines have been used for catarrhal conditions "clinical response has been most definitely marked." And Dr. Thompson, of the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, says that "there is no doubt a real need for such methods in public health work when prophylactic immunisation must be applied to large masses of the population."

These professionally guarded statements herald the dawn of a great release from ill-health for thousands of catarrh sufferers. Take advantage of the benefits modern medical research offers and find the relief you have sought so long. You cannot afford to miss the positive benefits of Lantigen "B."



Lantigen "B"
THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

PRODUCED UNDER GOVERNMENT LICENSE
Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

FOR CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,
SINUS AND ANTRUM INFECTIONS
TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES.



Produced under Government License
Lantigen "B" is prepared by fully qualified bacteriologists manufacturing under Government license. It is a dissolved oral vaccine (taken by mouth) and produced especially to counteract the germs which cause catarrh and its related conditions.

Before Bedtime Start Driving Out BRONCHITIS

Sleep Sound All Night

Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 3 or 3 doses of **BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL Mixture** (triple acting) before you go to bed—it's safe for the kids, also.

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GUNNAR

FRANCK sat at the wireless, painstaking, thorough, and methodical. He did not know the code groups; at each stage he had to consult the written information that he had found in the wireless operator's satchel, and this made him very slow. He transmitted slowly, too; he could not manage to send accurately at more than seven words a minute or to receive at more than four or five.

He did literally what he had been told to do, asked for emergency routine, reported their situation, and asked the stations to stand by for their last signal before they went down in the sea, in order that the rescue planes could search for them at dawn. He received the code confirmation that the written card had told him to expect, and then, surprisingly, the message went on pinching in his head-phones.

His pencil moved mechanically on the pad; the message ended and he read the groups that he had written. They read: "Good luck to captain and crew."

He was very pleased at the message; almost certainly it came from Pilsey. He must tell the captain. Plugging in his intercom, he said: "Navigator to Captain. Wireless emergency routine is in force, and they are standing by for our signal. They have sent us a message, Cap. From Hartley, I think. They say: 'Good luck to captain and crew.' I think that is ver' nice to have."

Marshall said quickly: "Are you sure that came from Hartley?"

"It was Group, Cap. They gave the identification."

"Okay." He raised his voice. "You all heard that, you chaps? Hartley says good luck to captain and crew."

He sat on at the controls, peering forward into the darkness and studying the faint lines on the sea below. He had become awake and cheerful; in that last half-hour he felt more himself than he had done for weeks.

By all calculation they would be down very soon; those of them who were not killed at the impact with the water might get out into the dinghy to drift outwards from the

Pastoral

Continued from page 36

land in the wet, freeing blackness of the sea. Many of his friends had gone that way; some had been picked up and returned to Hartley Magna in Oxfordshire, more had not. If that now had to happen to him, that was just too bad, but it had happened to better men than he. In the meantime the engines still ran.

His mind glowed at the message they had had from Group. A girl had sent that message; it was not in the words that a man would have used. And if it was a girl at Pilsey, it could only be one of two; either the operator had slipped it in upon her own, or else the W.A.A.P. officer in charge had sent it—Gervase Robertson. He was convinced as soon as he had heard it that it was Gervase; she had sent the message to cheer them.

He said down the intercom: "Captain to flight-engineer. Do you think that port engine's doing us any good?"

"It's helping us along, Cap." "I think it's drinking half our juice and doing no work. We're only doing a hundred and eighty. We can do that on one engine. We'd be better off to stop the port altogether and go on the starboard, wouldn't we? How much fuel is there left?"

Cobbett scrambled up to the fuel board and plugged in his intercom there. "Gauges say about twenty-five gallons, Cap."

"Well, that's the thick end of half an hour for one engine. Stop the port engine—switch it off and let it stop. Then I'm going to throttle back the starboard until we're doing a hundred and thirty. Navigator, give me a new course at speed hundred and thirty."

The port engine died and came to rest; the note of the starboard engine dropped slowly as Marshall eased the throttle back. A new sensation as of silence broke upon them; their ears were so attuned to the roar that the lessened level of the noise came as quiet to them. When they spoke now the intercom, set at the previous volume, seemed to bellow in their ears.

Gunnar said: "New course is 279." He came through to the cockpit and set it on the verge ring himself.

"Where does that bring us over land?"

"Just north of Spurn Head, Cap." "Okay. Get through to Group and ask for another fix to check up." He paused, and then said: "Captain to crew. If we get over land we'll bail out, so be ready for that because we haven't got much height. Rear-gunner, got your dinghy ready?" "All ready, Cap."

"Well, now clip on Leech's parachute and tie that cod-line to the ring. If we bail out, we'll drop him out first." They would make the line fast at the machine before they dropped him; as he fell away the line would pull the ring and the parachute would open as he fell. Unconscious and inert he would land heavily, but it was the best that they could do for him.

Marshall sat on in the cockpit, quiet and resigned. Gervase had sent him a message; that meant she was still interested. He knew it was a very tiny thing, but after the trouble of the last few weeks it came to him as balm, as a little faint voice whispering that things would be all right.

Immediately it had reacted on his work. He had started to take an interest in R for Robert once again, and had shut off the damaged engine.

At 12.52 Gunnar got a third fix, plotted it, and pondered for a moment. It showed them to be about fourteen miles from land. He said: "E.T.A. the coast seven minutes, Cap."

"Okay. What's the petrol looking like?" But the needle of the gauge was jumping at the zero stop, and might have been two gallons or ten.

They sat tense and motionless as the minutes crept by. Each strained his eyes down to the black, ruffled sea below them; each had his ears tuned to the beat of the engine ready at the first falter to get up and stand by for their captain's orders.

Cobbett said: "Flight-engineer to Captain. Breakers, Cap—on a beach. We're coming over land." Marshall peered down into the darkness. "Okay—I see. Naviga-

tor—put on our navigation lights. What's the gauge showing?"

Gunnar switched on the wing-tip and tail lights and turned to the fuel board. Cobbett got up and stood beside him. The needle stood steady and uncompromising at zero, without even a flicker.

They were over land, anyway. Marshall said: "Okay. Bring Leech along here to the hatch and drop him out, quick as you can. Everybody stand by to bail out."

He pulled the nose of the machine up a little, hoping to gain more height for their jump. Beside him there was heaving and struggling as they pulled the heavy, unconscious body of the wireless operator to the hatch.

Suddenly Marshall said: "Hold everything." He leaned over and grabbed Gunnar by the shoulder, and pointed forward.

Before them stretched the dim twin lines of light that showed a runway, barely three miles ahead. "What's that?"

The Dane said: "There is here a station, Whitland. That must be Whitland."

They stood fixed for a minute, staring ahead at the lights, listening to the engine. "Okay," said Marshall. "We can make it now." He paused for an instant, and then said: "Shut that hatch, Cobbett."

The flight-engineer stooped to the open hatch to close it. Something unusual in the blackness of the space beneath them drew his attention: he stooped to the cold rush of air and jumped back in horror. He thrust his plug into the intercom. "Climb, Cap," he said urgently. "There's another kite exactly underneath us!"

To be continued

MOTHER CRAFT

A TOPIC THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

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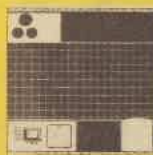
3 PRACTICAL GROUND PLANS



Whatever the shape or size of your kitchen, for maximum efficiency the dish-



washing centre is placed between range and refrigerator. Most kitchen designs



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Let some of your cupboards have adjustable shelves, then they can be arranged so that the most needed articles are

always in the most convenient position and there will be ample room for bottles.



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Even in low-priced homes good planning can achieve an efficient and charming kitchen. Here, a simple floral motif is painted on a plain background to achieve a unique window surround. A broom cupboard to the left of the refrigerator may be needed. If there is space for a food preparation surface to the left of the refrigerator, the refrigerator door handle will be better on the left. Note the flush ceiling light fitting and the small light over the range, where it is needed to counter shadow. Power points are important—in a small kitchen two are necessary, an extra one near the draw-out table would be handy for an electric toaster.

When the time comes and Hotpoint electrical appliances are available again, a kitchen like this containing Hotpoint refrigerator, range and dishwasher will add enormously to the value of your house. Hotpoint Electric foodmixer, iron, coffee percolator, and other appliances, can be added from time to time.